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"HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?"

AND OTHER MESSAGES

BY

REV. FRENCH E. OLIVER

EVANGELIST



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DEDICATION.

This volume is lovingly dedicated to my Father and Mother, whose prayers and precepts led me to God, and still bless my life.

F. E. O.

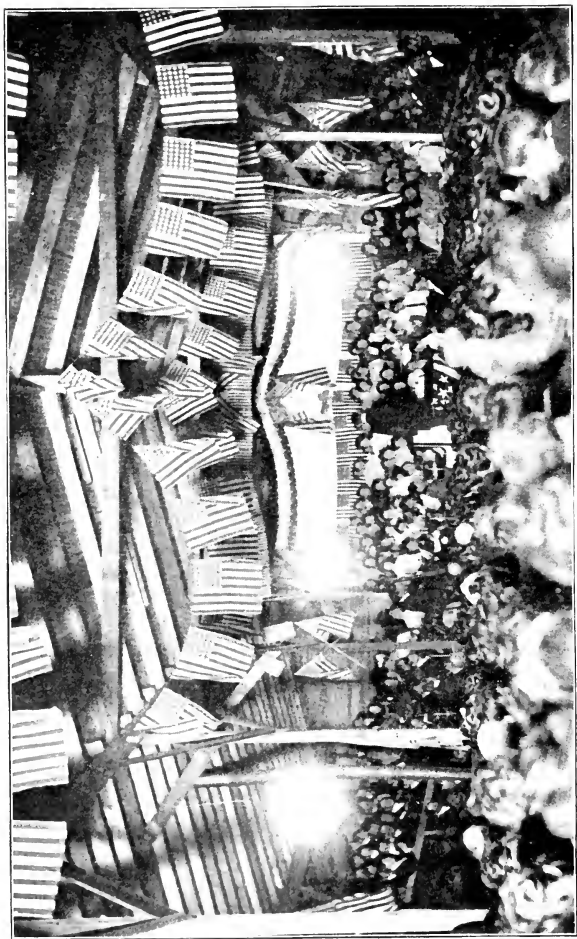
Chicago, August 4, 1904.

INTRODUCTION.

"How Shall We Escape?" is a timely book for these days when an uncertain sound comes from so many pulpits in America as well as abroad. The fact that Mr. Oliver was my associate in evangelistic work for almost four years enables me to say with certainty that these messages come from a man who is fully convinced that men without Christ have need of salvation from sin and the consequences if sin hereafter. If there is no hell, the Bible is a fraud, the preachers are false prophets and the church buildings stand as monuments of the folly of the human race, and the Theological Seminaries are perpetrating a series of crimes in educating men for the ministry. Whether or not there is a hell is a question which the Church of God by virtue of its very existence can answer in but one way, namely, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." The pressing demand of our days is a revival of preaching the old-time doctrines of sin, the certainty of hell and the judgment for the finally impenitent, salvation by faith in the Atonement,—no glittering generalities, no rhetorical niceties,—the message must ring like a fire alarm, and sound like the drum-beat before the battle.

Much of the preaching now is given for the literary excellency of the production; more attention is paid to the message than to the actual social condition. The time has come when we as ministers must be something more than walking theological mummies with isms and schisms and ologies swarthed in papyrus, breathing an odor of hieroglyphics, oozing Greek diphthongs and seven-jointed terminologies of Latin extraction, which can be intellectually digested and assimilated only by bi-peds wearing alphabetical tails to their names. Strong convictions move strong minds. These messages are fresh from Evangelist Oliver's revival campaigns, where they have been signally blessed of God. I take pleasure in bespeaking for them a wide reading.

WILLIAM A. SUNDAY.



The Oliver Union Meeting, Peabody, Kansas.

I.

“HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE?”

(As preached in Peabody, Kansas, etc., etc.)

My text to-night assumes the form of a question, unanswerable because of the nature of its relation to law and government, and because the law and government are holy—i. e., God’s law and government. Although the text demands a consideration of law and the law breaker’s guilt, and the mode of punishment to be inflicted upon him, no lawyer or judge or juror can give an answer to the text. And while the physiologist and anatomist knows that the laws of pangenesis and heredity are absolute in their universality, he cannot understand or explain how through the sin of Adam the whole creation groans under the burden and weight of sin, nor can he answer the question of my text.

Weary of man’s ignorance and inability to cope with the question of the text you may meet the Judge of all the earth at Heaven’s gate and He will answer: “The law is inexorable, the Scriptures cannot be broken; there is no answer to the text.” And then you decide that in hell the secret must be kept, and you dash away

through space and stand at the gates of hell and present the question of my text; although fiendish grins and groans may be seen and heard, no answer can be given by the ones eternally incarcerated to the question: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" recorded in Hebrews 2:3.

The text is a well demonstrated philosophy. Progress or degeneracy is the law of life. You will be a better or a worse man when you leave this meeting to-night. Better if you embrace your opportunities and quit your diabolical taskmaster and let the King of Glory enter your heart. Worse if you murder your opportunities, trample under foot the Son of God, despise the atonement and leave this building a coward, a poltroon and an ingrate,—can't you understand that?

Some man is insulted now; he looks contemptuously at the argument and says: "I am not responsible for coming into this world, if I am lost it is not my fault. Your God has no right to bring creatures into existence and then shovel them into hell if they don't like His laws." My friend you are not honest. I defy any man on earth to follow the doctrine of irresponsibility because he was born without his wish or opinion having been expressed. First, to expose the dishonor of that excuse. I will ask you to

refuse to eat when hunger gnaws away at your vitals; you are not responsible for coming into this world, and when your clothing wears out refuse to secure more; when sickness lays hold upon you refuse medicine, refuse the attention of the nurse, refuse anything, everything that would improve your condition and defend your wild actions with your wild theory, “I am not responsible for coming into this world, therefore I will spite the force or power or persons responsible for my advent here with steel cold indifference and neglect.”

When you neglect the laws of health don't expect the laws to apologize when they administer their rebuke and punishment. Neglect the laws of mind culture and education, but be honest enough not to complain at the laws when through your neglect you grow up an ignoramus and a mental degenerate. Neglect the cultivation of character, morals and good living by bad thinking and bad living and you do so at the expense of character, sound manhood and common decency, for, “How shall we escape if we neglect?” Neglect is the prime minister of death, the vice-gerent of hell!

When pandemonium was convened in hell the devil is said to have called for volunteers to go to Earth to damn souls. One imp arose and volunteered to go and tell men that there is no

God, no future; that death is an eternal sleep; but an atheist cried out from a lake that burneth with fire: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." But the devil said: "Go, and success attend thee." Another imp arose and said that he would tell men that a certain sheep-stealing reprobate was God's prophet, and that polygamy is the only way for men to live pure lives. All hell rejoiced when Mormonism—the child of lust—was born, and knowing how lustful men would lead silly women captive, how debauchery would hold high carnival, and excessive living would degenerate the minds and bodies of such licentious parentage, the devil pronounced his approval upon the plan and seated in our days, some of the sons of this diabolical octopus in the Senate chamber of the United States of America.

Another imp arose and said that he would tell men that God's success or failure is wrapped up in the salvation of the race and the whole race, that He is too good to damn any sinner. Universalism was born that moment. The devil said: "There is not a lawyer in hell but who knows that the inexorable laws of the universe punish the law-breakers; but go, our success is wrought with illegal plans."

Another arose and said that his message would be against the Divinity of Christ. But a Uni-

tarian preacher cried out from a pit: "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?" And all hell trembled at his eternal wail.

At last an imp arose and spoke with confidence in his message as follows: "I will go, I will tell them that God sent Jesus Christ to save sinners from an awful hell to Everlasting bliss; that they cannot escape if they reject the way of life"—"Hold, hold," cried a multitude of excited fiends, "will you preach the Word that we are living to overthrow?" "I am not through with stating my plan," he answered; "I will tell them that the Bible is all true, but *that there is time enough yet.*" And the devil of neglect was born and the chorus of imps rang out with wild hurrahs as he sat down. But that devil has been working in this town and in this audience. Heed him not, my friends. "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

I was in Colorado some time ago riding in the neighborhood of Pike's Peak with a man whom I have known for years. I had preached the evening before on hell; he had heard the message, so he began speaking of it, finally adding: "Oliver, don't you know that I am getting away from the idea of hell? I think God is too good to punish any of His creatures." I replied: "Brewer, I have noticed that the looser a man's

theology, the looser his life." I knew how far from God he was living, and he changed the conversation when I touched his bad heart.

Hell is as much of a part of God's love-story as Heaven. Unregenerate, sinful man or woman, if God should take you into Heaven to-night, your guilty nature would shrink from God and you would dash over the battlements of glory and falling through space you would pass multitudinous systems until at last you would strike the far remote shores of the dread sea of oblivion, a lost soul. Lost to loved ones, lost to hope, lost to repentance, lost to all but the Omniscient eye of God and an eternity of woe and death.

Hell was not made for man. Hell was made for the devil and his angels. But, hear me! If you live for the devil in this life—in neglect of God's mercy, you must make up your mind that you will spend your eternity with him. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." The question of an entrance into Heaven depends upon the fitness of your nature and character to enjoy Heaven. Death cannot change your character. You will be throughout eternity in point of character just what you are when death claims you. You are the architect of your own fate. God has prepared the way of life, and the commandment—"Walk ye in it"—has gone around the globe in

every language and dialect. Why will you still neglect?

I boarded a steamer for Alaska at Seattle, and after a while I sat at the piano and began to play. A typical westerner came in and with all the breeze of his native cordiality he said: "That's right, partner, hit 'er a lick." I was studying along this line, and to try my line of thinking on the rough westerner, I began playing a very closely harmonized arrangement of "Nearer My God to Thee," using as many minors as possible. I saw his face change, he stepped back before I had played five measures and sternly said: "Don't play that *church music* to me." What did he mean? Simply this: the condition of his heart was anything but in tune with "Nearer My God to Thee."

A man in Pittsburg ran down to the dock just as a boat was pulling out and with assistance he got aboard. It was noticed by some that he was under the influence of liquor. The boat was well out of the city when the passengers began singing hymns, and the hundreds of children aboard soon caught up the songs and the drunkard finally found the Captain and said: "Captain, is this boat going to the race-track?" "No, no," the Captain answered. "This is a Sunday-school picnic." The man moved closer and said hoarsely: "Captain, I'll give you a \$20 bill if

you will run this boat close enough to shore to let me off—these hymns are HELL to me." I understand better, in the light of the two incidents just recorded, the meaning of Christ's words: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." It is a question of the eternal fitness of your nature, your character, your capabilities to enjoy Heaven.

There are men and women in this audience whom you would not ask into your home, because of their bad character; you do not consider them worthy companions or associates of your pure wife, your lovely daughter, and you are right; so am I when I tell you that while you are particular of the character of the guests of your home, God is infinitely more particular about the class of people who enter Heaven. Regeneration is the guarantee of entrance to Heaven. It is the ONLY way. It is but a step from unregeneracy to degeneracy. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Don't expect to pass muster at the day of Judgment in the "filthy rags" of your self-righteousness.

But Universalism raises its wolfish head in sheep's clothing and says: "God is too good to damn any one—all will be saved."

I want to arraign that damnable child of anarchy to-night and expose the infamy of such

assumptions. For God to take the murderer, whoremonger, harlot, thief, liar and the motley gang of thugs and reprobates into Heaven with all their grossness and viciousness of nature and compel the pure, noble, true, righteous and law-abiding to fellowship eternally with the ones who have despised the Atonement, cursed God, defamed character, debauched women and broken every law of God, would be a sin against honor and equity. Do you mean to tell me that God is so “good” that He will place that pure daughter of yours on a level with that low-lived debauchee? Must the ones who have quit sin and followed Godliness meet the same end in eternal happiness that awaits the sceptic, the infidel, the agnostic, the Bible haters, the rebels against God’s law? I affirm that there is not the first principle of logic or legality in the doctrine that all will be saved. The perpetuity of this government depends upon the rigid enforcement of the laws found upon its statutes.

If this nation does not punish the law-breakers it condones criminality and has equal guilt with the criminal. When God fails to punish the rebels against His government He endorses sin and becomes *particeps criminis* with the transgressors. “Well, well, don’t worry about punishment,” says the Universalist. “Men are punished day by day for their sins; the diseases pun-

ish the lustful, delirium punishes the drunkard, etc." That doctrine is a false assumption, for the sinner cannot be punished proportionately to his guilt in this life. I noticed in the papers a few days ago that the young bandit in Chicago said: "I have murdered twenty-three men and wounded sixteen others." What plan of punishment do you propose that will in any way make reparation for the blood shed by that fiend? "Hang him, burn him, mob him," some one says, "and he will get the punishment that his sins deserve." Tell me when the life of a degenerate car-barn bandit becomes the equal of twenty-three lives?

"If there is a hell it is reformatory in its nature," is another claim of the doctrine in question. Mr. Universalist, you will not be in hell five minutes until you find out that hell-fire is not a cleansing or purifying fire. "Reformatory" demands that its duration is temporary. Hell will last as long as sin lasts. When the time comes that adultery is pure, a lie is true, stealing is honest, hate is love, vice is virtue, then and not till then will hell be closed down. At that time you will see the tombstone of God, the graveyard of the angels and the end of all things eternal. Law cannot reform. It can restrain, but it cannot regenerate. The law can incarcerate the criminal, or execute him, but it cannot

take from his heart the sin that caused him to steal or murder or rob. “The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ,” who is able to take the heart of stone and sin away and give a new heart. A new heart is what every unsaved man on earth needs, and what every one must have if they are ever saved. Mighty God, send that truth into hearts to-night! (“Amen.”)

Punishment is not reformatory or regenerative. A murderer in Spokane was sentenced to be executed. He was taken to the murderers’ cell—the night before his execution came and some one asked him if he wanted any spiritual advice. He replied: “No.” “What do you want?” he was asked. “I want a bottle of whiskey and a (fallen woman), that is all.” Of course, his request was refused. The next morning he was ushered into eternity; base, black, vile, filthy and unrepentant, but according to Universalism he will have a front corner mansion in the New Jerusalem.

A man of political note went to the governor of Kentucky and asked him to pardon a certain life convict. The governor said: “I do not think that man is a safe man to turn loose. I think he is a vicious criminal at heart.” The man replied: “Governor, you know me; you can trust me. I will take a pardon with me to the prison and I will test that man, and if he is

not a safe character to turn out, I give you my word for it, governor, I will bring you the pardon." The governor said: "I will take you at your word; here is the pardon." The politician went to the prison and was shown by the warden to the cell of his old friend—the convict. He talked to him about old times, and asked him casually, if he ever thought of getting out, and what he would do if he should get out. The convict's face was instantly covered with a fiendish frown and he replied: "I would pick the jury off with my rifle one at a time, and then I would kill the judge who sentenced me here—that is what I would do." Punishment is not regenerative or reformatory in its nature.

I left a steamer at Seattle and went to the hotel for a few hours of rest, as I was returning from Alaska a few years ago. I was seated in the rotunda of the hotel when I noticed a man approach a blackboard and begin to write. I watched the words as they made up the sentence—it was a sentence that shook the entire nation; yes, the civilized world shuddered at the infamy of the dastardly crime that that sentence announced. It was: "THE PRESIDENT IS SHOT!" In a few minutes there were scores of men around the fearful message—giving expressions of horror that the nation was again plunged into the abyss of sorrow because an-

archy had lifted its awful head and the object of its villainy was to deprive this nation of its Chief Executive. I left Seattle in the afternoon, reached Portland in the evening, retired and read the account in detail in the Portland papers the next morning. The President was meeting many of the loyal citizens of our land at the public reception tendered him in the Temple of Music in Buffalo, when among the number crept that infernal spawn of anarchy, with his hand covered in the folds of his handkerchief—in which he carried a revolver. He approached the President—William McKinley—and extended his hand as if he would grasp the hand of the genial statesman. In an instant the report of two shots were heard, the President fell into the arms of the private detective—and he gasped, “Am I shot?” The detective replied: “Mr. President, I am afraid that you are shot.” They carried him into the ambulance and he was hastily taken to the hospital and the best medical attention possible was given. Along the line from Portland I asked the telegraphers for the last reports from Buffalo, and when I reached Ogden Mr. McKinley was expected to live. But when I reached Omaha the tension was very high—every one seemed to be waiting to hear the last report. I was awakened the next morning hearing the newsboy on the train calling out:

"Chicago papers—all about the death of Mr. McKinley." I concluded my business in Chicago and went on to Canton, Ohio, and looked upon all that was left of the martyred President. I saw youth and old age pass by in solemn procession and drop tears of sorrow and struggle with their emotions. The great man of the nation had assembled to do him honor. Thousands stood upon the streets with bared and bowed heads as they heard the bands—which headed the hearse containing the body of that loving husband, loyal citizen, splendid statesman, kindly neighbor and President of our matchless nation—playing his favorite hymn: "Nearer My God to Thee." They tried the assassin, condemned him to die in the electrical chair at Sing Sing. The day of execution dawned. The priest came to give spiritual advice, but Colgosz damned the priest, the church, the nation and with murder in his eyes, in his heart, in his words, he rejected the last possible chance of help from God or man and was led to the chair and muttered as he was being placed in the death-chair: "I fired the shot; I killed McKinley, and I am glad of it." Reformation was not in evidence in his case—and he will be throughout the endless ages of eternal death and hell a murderer and a villain, no more eligible to salvation than the devil.

"God is too good to damn a soul" is one of the

most anarchistic statements ever uttered by a human. I will prove it. This country is founded upon the law of universal liberty. Equal rights to all, special privileges to none—is truly American. But what are we to make of a nation that deprives men of their liberty? There are thousands of men in the prisons of our land to-day. What gross injustice has been perpetrated by this government? Is it not a crime to deprive any man of his liberty? This nation is too liberty loving to deprive any man of his liberty. Hold on, I am not advocating that doctrine. If I should I would be termed an anarchist. The men who are in our prisons are the murderers, thieves and other criminals. For the protection of the law-abiding the law-breakers must be punished. The perpetuity of the government depends upon the enforcement of its laws. But according to Universalism this nation is a criminal in act—for it has deprived men of their liberty. But you say: “They are bad men, dangerous characters.” “That does not matter. This nation is too good to deprive any men of their liberty,” the Universalist argues, if he carries his theology into the legal status of our nation. “Open the prison doors, law is a farce, government is a joke; let us have all men free” is the doctrine of Universalism in action in civic affairs. I tell you the free men in America are

the men who keep the law; the law-breakers are the ones in the prisons. If you are ever taken into the City of God you must keep the law of God—you must be born again. Immunity from punishment is not the result of laxity on the part of the laws of this government. You are free because you keep the law.

Many a man has made an agreement with the devil that he will serve him as long as his strength will last, but on his deathbed he will leave his old master. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." You cannot fool God with such a plan.

I may not appeal to the moral man in this audience as yet, but give me a listening ear as I conclude. You do not have to be a murderer, a thief, a reprobate, a liar, a profane man, a characterless woman in order to be lost. Neglect will seal your destiny the same as any other sin. I did not board the train for Chicago to-night, therefore I cannot complain about the injustice of God because I am not in Chicago to-morrow morning. The old Ship Zion is in port to-night. She will set sail for Glory as soon as she makes up her passenger list. Will you board her to-night? If not, do not find fault with her Captain. He has called loudly for you to come aboard and you have been busy at other places,

perhaps in places of vice or sin—certainly you have neglected to get on the good ship. Neglect no longer! Your eternal destiny is at stake—“How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?”

In the south some years ago a boy walked to the town a couple of miles from his country home. He met a boy friend who asked him if he was going to the raffle, and he replied: “No, I have no money to buy tickets; so I can’t go.” “Here, take this ticket. It may be the lucky number, for all I know,” said his friend, as he handed him a ticket. A certain black horse was to be given away that afternoon to the one holding the lucky number. The manager arose and said: “Number so and so takes the horse.” The boy felt the blood rush to his cheeks. He remembered that the number was the one which had been given him, but a few moments before. He cried out: “I have that number.” The manager said: “Come this way, my little man, and take your horse.”

The lad sprang forward, mounted the beautiful horse and rode proudly toward his home. His father was reading the paper on the veranda of his home. In fact, he had just finished reading about a beautiful black horse that was to be raffled off at a certain hour; that the horse in question had been trained by a man for trick

work and no one knew the signals that would move the horse into its fancy work. The account added that three men had been killed in a neighboring city by that very horse on account of its strange tricks. The boy rode up and called out: "Do you see this horse, father?" The father replied: "Yes. Where did you get it?" The boy answered: "My friend gave me a ticket and it was the lucky number and I drew the horse and he is mine." The father sprang to his feet and said: "Son, leave that horse now. He has killed several men; no man knows his tricks; he is extremely dangerous; get down, my boy, get down." "Father, you must be mistaken. He is as gentle as a kitten. Look here, he is safe, I am sure." And the boy turned the horse's head down the lane and the beautiful black animal loped away, while the father of the boy called out to his son to leave the dangerous animal at once. The boy rode on, entranced with the sweeping gait of the horse, and at last he reached a sharp turn in the road. Perhaps he tightened the reins to turn the horse homeward. Perhaps he unwittingly gave some sign to the animal to make a desperate leap. An hour passed and the father became anxious, and he went out to look for his boy. He found that the first neighbor had seen the boy pass, but the first neighbor around the sharp turn in the road had not seen

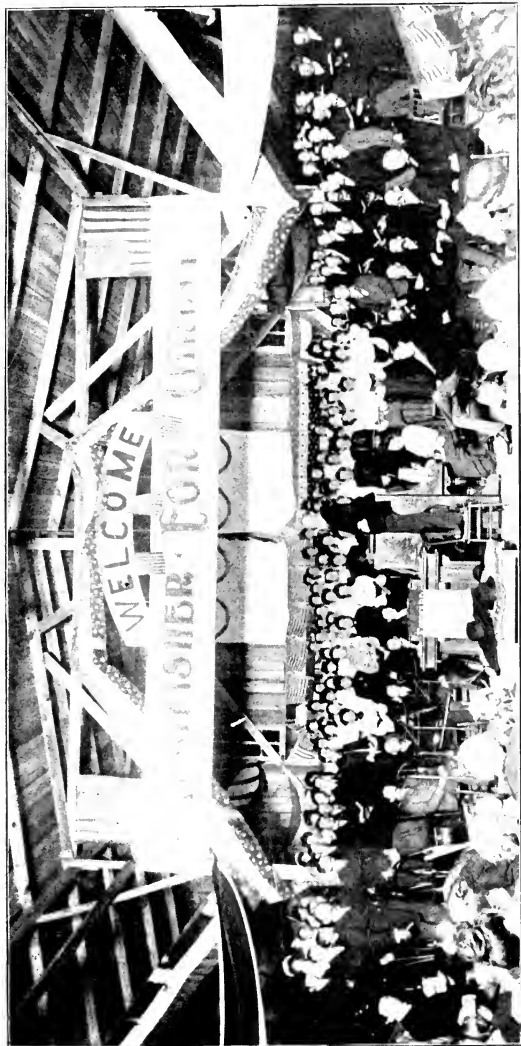
him pass, but said he had not been watching. The anxious father rode on and he grew more and more anxious. At last he aroused the neighbors; they began a search. Finally a man decided to look down in the deep rocky gulch at the turn in the road. He gave a cry to warn the friends that further searching was unnecessary—he had located the boy and horse. The boy was dead, and had been for some time. The horse was immediately shot. The father of the boy took the body home and with an aching heart he followed the remains to the graveyard. My friends, some of you have been riding that black horse Neglect for years. One of these days he will reach the sharp turn in the road and, try as you may, he will take swift judgment on you and will leap into the precipice of Eternal Death! I beg of you—turn to-night. “How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

II.

THE NATURE OF HELL.

Text, Heb. 2:3. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" In my former discourse on this text I have shown the need of hell, in the light of law and justice. To-night, I expect to speak of the nature or mode of eternal punishment.

I am not here to make grave charges against the character of the unsaved. You may be as good as any man in this city and still be lost, neglecting the way of escape. You do not need to be a horse thief, a liar, a murderer, a libertine, a vile reprobate in order to be lost. A man told me not long ago that he did not need Christ, because he was a moral man; that he had never killed any man. I replied: "Suppose you had killed some man, where would you be at this time? You would be in your grave or in a prison for life—if the law had its course." I grow weary of men telling of their being honest, true, etc., and thinking that the demands of the laws of common decency will bring them into eternal life. If you were an adulterer, you would not be a fit associate of any decent person in this



The Chorus Choir, Kingfisher, Oklahoma. (Prof. Wm. R. Oliver standing on chair.)

city; and if you were a liar, it would not take the people long to find it out, and you would be branded as wholly unworthy of the confidence of the community; and if you measure up to the standard of the law you are face to face with this fact:

“By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight.”

And—

“Except a man be born again he can not see the Kingdom of God.”

And my text is but another appeal to reason: “How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?” When you break the laws of nature you expect that you will suffer the consequences; you know that these laws are absolute, and that they will just as certainly administer their rebuke as you break them. They never apologize to the one who breaks them; they are no respecter of persons. Ignorance never helps the matter at all. The man who does not know that fire will burn will find it out if he places his finger in it. The man who takes poison accidentally is in the same danger as the man who takes it on purpose.

A man said to me: “If a man is honest in his opinions I reckon he will get along all right.” There are men in this country who are of the opinion that slavery is right, and they are honest

in their opinions, but that does not change the statutory laws governing the case. If you are legally wrong your opinion makes no difference with the court. How any man can be honest in rejecting the way of life is beyond my comprehension; for God only wants him to give up the things that are not worth keeping, and lay hold on life, and purity, and hope, and victory. ("Amens.")

Neglect has damned every soul in hell. I am of the firm faith that there is not a soul in eternal torment to-night but who might be in Heaven, had he taken the gift of God, which is eternal life. I met a man in one of our meetings some time ago who had a fearful story to tell. I asked him to come to Christ, but he replied: "I never expect to be saved; I am not worthy to be saved." I told him that no man can claim worthiness, that salvation is the gift of God. He replied: "Mr. Oliver, I have been a very wicked man, and my two boys followed my example and they are both in hell, and I feel that I don't deserve mercy. I am too mean to be saved. I ought to go to hell for having sent my boys there." Brethren, I gave that man the promises of God, and tried to reason with him, but he was unchanged at the close of a wonderful revival in that city. Neglect had damned his

two boys and had become despair in his heart. Father, what are you doing for your boys?

I heard a person say in another city: "If my loved ones are lost, I want to be lost also. If they go to hell, I am going, too." "You are mistaken," I replied. Let me correct that idea, if any one holds it to-night. If your child falls into the fire, you will not run to the fire and fall in, out of sympathy for the child. There was a suicide in this city a few days ago; did the relatives commit suicide in order to express their love and sympathy for the departed one? If your boy drowns himself will you rush to the river and drown yourself also? No! People are not so foolish that they are going to dash their lives out under the pretense of sympathy and love. The rich man in hell spoke of his five brethren, requesting Abraham to send Lazarus, "that he may testify unto them, *lest they, also, come into this place of torment.*"

In the midst of certain kinds of death, the sensations are said to be very pleasing; and in the midst of your lustful gratifications which may please the baser elements of your nature, you are playing with certain death to your soul. Neglect, oh, neglect; what fearful havoc hast thou wrought in the human family.

Mr. Culpepper is authority for this story. I believe he heard it related in a camp-meeting in

Georgia by the preacher who had the harrowing experience.

The preacher said: "There were three boys in the old home; one became a lawyer, and I became a minister and the other a *prodigal*. During his life of sin he had frequently been warned by all of the family, and had always expressed his sympathy with the needs of a change of heart, but he put it off from time to time, and at last he contracted a loathsome disease and returned to the old home to be taken care of by mother and father. Our home was on the border of the Okefenokee Swamp, in southern Georgia. That swamp was a realism of all that was horrid to our boyish minds; the fogs rose latest in the morning and settled earliest in the evening around that dreadful place, and we never thought of going to the old spring after dark, so fearful were we of the denizens of that swamp. Brother grew worse, and after several weeks of careful nursing he was weaker and the old folks were worn out with their long vigil, and they asked me to come and help in this hour of need. I arranged my work and was soon on the ground. I asked my brother to make his peace with God, but he replied: "Brother, if I should settle it now the boys would say I was scared into it. I'll settle it when I get well." I warned him, saying: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for

thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." He admitted the danger, but would not yield, and he grew weaker every day, and after weeks of watching I was so weary that I felt that I must take a much needed rest, and I threw myself down upon a cot and soon fell asleep. I do not know how long I slept; but I do know that I was seized by some strange nightmare and I endured the agonies of soul and spirit that no mind can conceive, or describe. I seemed to see my brother's face evidence some fearful struggles that were going on within, and in the midst of his paroxysms his mouth opened and a miniature object emerged, and it occurred to me that it was his soul. Strange thought, fearful picture! But it seemed to realize an immediate danger for it sprang to the floor and rushed across the room where the lightwood was piled in the corner, and hid beneath it. My attention was then directed to the swamp, and I saw an object a little the undersize of a man, with the marks of damnation upon his face. His paraphernalia bespoke his hellish mission, and his face his fiendish intent, and he came stealthily to the house, without any signs of fear, and at last reached out his hand for the outside door-knob to enter the house. The power of a vice seemed to hold me, for I tried to scream, to rise, to move, but I was powerless within the awful

grasp of that dream. I looked and that hellish monster stood in the room and looked at me, and then seeming to realize my helplessness he walked straight to the bed and looked into the face of my brother, and evidently realized that the spirit had tried to evade him, but he seemed to track it to the corner and under the light-wood, and began slowly to remove the pine knots in order that he might secure his prize. At last the tiny object sprang quickly from the light-wood and made a dash for liberty, but quick as a flash, the devil was upon it, and I heard my brother's voice as clearly as I ever heard it, and I saw his arms wave frantically above his head as he shrieked: "LOST! LOST!" But I saw the fiendish smile upon that demoniacal face as he cried out in horrid, rasping tones: "Ha, ha, I have come for my own." And the cry of my brother seemed to freeze the blood in my veins, and I tried to speak, to defend my brother, but I was doomed to see that fearful vision to its end. The voice of my brother grew fainter as they neared the swamp, until it died away like a whisper, "Lost." I instantly awoke, and sprang to my feet, but I was so weak that I had to support myself for a time. The room was dark, and I was covered with great cold beads of perspiration. I soon regained my composure, and hastily threw some pine-knots into the fire-

place, and lighted a candle, and went to the bed to see what I could do for my brother. I looked into his face, the pallor of death was upon it; his mouth was open, *and he was dead*. Brethren, I believe that I saw the literal transaction of my brother's doom enacted." (Sensation.) "HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE IF WE NEGLECT SO GREAT SALVATION?" ("GOD help," spoken by the preachers.)

God has used the strongest language possible to describe the horrors of hell; and I am sure of this: that the price paid for our redemption means that hell is a fearful place. Let me call your attention to a number of danger signals from God's word:

For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell.—Deut. xxxii: 22.

For behold, the Lord will come with fire, and with His chariots, like a whirlwind, to render His anger with fury, and His rebuke *with flames of fire*.

For by the fire of His sword will the Lord plead with all flesh; and the slain of the Lord shall be many.—Isa. lxvi: 15, 16.

And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me; *for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched*; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh.—Isa. lxvi: 24.

And the destruction of the transgressors and of the sinners shall be together, and they that forsake the Lord shall be consumed.—Isa. i: 28.

Who among us shall dwell with *the devouring fire*? Who among us shall dwell *with everlasting burnings*?—Isa. xxxiii: 14.

How can ye escape *the damnation of hell*?—Matt. xxiii: 33.

The wicked shall be turned into hell.—Ps. ix: 17.

He will burn up the chaff with *unquenchable fire*.—Matt. iii: 12.

And shall come forth * * * they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.—Jno. v: 29.

There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Matt. xxii: 13.

* * * and He shall separate them. * * *

And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left.—Matt. xxv: 32, 33.

But He shall say, I tell you, I know not whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity.—Lk. xiii: 27.

In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ:

Who shall be punished with *everlasting destruction* from the presence of the Lord.—2 Thes. i: 8, 9.

Suffering the vengeance of *eternal fire*.—
Jude 7.

Upon the wicked He shall rain snares, fire and
brimstone and an horrible tempest; this shall be
the portion of their cup.—Ps. xi: 6.

And he shall be tormented with fire and brim-
stone. * * *

*And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up
forever and ever; and they have no rest day nor
night.*—Rev. xiv: 10, 11.

Shall be in danger of hell fire.—Matt. v: 22.

And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in TOR-
MENTS! * * *

And he cried and said * * * send Laza-
rus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water
and cool my tongue, for I am tormented *in this
flame*.

But Abraham said, Son, remember. * * *

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed,
so that they which would pass from hence to you
cannot; neither can they pass to us that would
come from thence.—Lk. xvi: 23, 26.

I never saw a soul-winner doubt the existence
of hell.

There are three principal horrors in the na-
ture of eternal punishment which I will discuss
to-night.

1 "Everlasting fire."

2. "Into outer darkness."

3. "For their worm shall not die."

In regard to fire the Bible has said many things. The terrors of this mode of punishment are described in sentences as follows :

"Into a lake of fire."

"A furnace of fire."

"Everlasting fire."

"Fire and brimstone."

"The devouring fire."

"Everlasting burnings."

"Unquenchable fire."

"In flaming fire."

A commercial traveler said to me: "Mr. Oliver, don't you consider the Bible descriptions of hell simply metaphorical?" I replied: "If the Bible hell is simply metaphorical, then the reality is a million times more noisome than it's portrayal." If I know anything about the meaning of the word metaphor, I know that it can never approximate the thing or place it seeks to describe. I want the indifferent, sinful, corrupted and hell-bound to think of *everlasting fire* to-night.

The resurrection of the just will mean that their souls and bodies will be reunited to enjoy the blessings of endless day; but the resurrection of the unjust—which means the unjustified, unregenerated—will mean the reuniting of their

souls and bodies for the tortures of everlasting fire.

Do you see the region of eternal night? In the midst thereof is a lake of fire, with lavic brimstone dashing its surging, seething billows against its precipitous shores; and upon those shores are myriads of the hosts of hell, clad with garments of fire, and armed with poisoned tridents from whose charged prongs flash the deadly fires of damnation; and into that lake of everlasting fire the writhing, screaming victims plunge headlong, while demons dance and mock and curse their eternity of woe.

The lusts of the flesh are sired and fired by the flames of hell—murder, adultery, infidelity, thievery and every soul-damning appetite that blights a life comes from that horrid cesspool of misery.

Drunkards, hear me! You can satiate your hellish thirst here in these damnable dens of death. There are men black enough in life and rotten enough in heart to live upon the damnation of souls; but let me say to you, that in hell when you are tossed to and fro upon the crest of mighty maelstroms of molten matter, as the horrible tempest causes hell's foundations to tremble; breathing fire, drinking fire, with fire upon you, and everlasting fire around you, and the fire that is not quenched within you, while

that fiendish whiskey appetite gnaws at your vitals, and your tongue parches in the torments of the flame—you can never satiate that stinging, biting, maddening thirst for liquor. Do you see that gutter-drunkard fleeing and screaming as he sees in imagination the serpents and fiery scorpions upon him and around him? The tortures of delirium tremens multiplied by eternity may partially depict the doom of the drunkard. Will you think to-night? (“Lord help,” spoken by the preachers.)

Adulterers, hear me! In this life you may laugh at law, wreck virtue, mock purity and debauch your body and damn your soul following the devil of lust whithersoever he will lead you, until your thoughts are base, your face shows the marks of your diabolical life, and your body rots with venereal diseases; but beware! In hell with the original fires of lust to set your base passions aflame, and torture your rotting body, there will be no means of gratifying the lusts of your doomed soul and body. Moan on, lost spirit, scream on, oh hellish minion, let fiery spray dash into your face forever—as demons and men and women die forever in the lake that burneth with fire! And what if you climb the jagged shores of the lake of fire, where will you go, lost soul? Will you find peace in dashing along at maddened pace over smoking, smoulder-

ing, cup-shaped craters, where shattered lava, fiery fissures and incinerated crusts burn and lacerate your unshod feet? Move on and on and on forever, in one trackless, starless, hopeless way; and as you cross the barren, burning wilds, and the wail of your soul mounts your lips and you shriek the fearful word, "LOST!" But you know it not, you hear a strange, hoarse wail—it is but the echo of your own voice. Oh, God, save us from everlasting fire! ("Amens.")

I mentioned "outer darkness," as one of the horrors of eternal punishment. I have tried to imagine the location of hell—where there can be found a place of absolute, eternal, impenetrable gloom, where the blackness of the darkest night is light compared to that oppressive, realistic universe of nerve-shattering, soul-blighting darkness; that dread sea of gloom, where no ray of light ever enters, and no star of hope ever breaks the stress of the awful peril and pain of the imprisoned lost. Astronomy teaches us that there are one billion one hundred and seventeen millions of worlds. Neptune being sixty, Uranus being eighty, Saturn being eleven hundred, Jupiter being fourteen hundred, Mizar being five hundred and ten million times larger than the earth; and as they dash through space they are illuminated by one hundred and seventeen million suns. That means that

there are one hundred and seventeen millions of mundane systems revolving about a central point—which point is the City of our God. Can the astronomer measure the distance illuminated by this vast army of suns? I have tried to figure how far removed from Heaven the lost will be; how far from mother the lost boy will be; how far from wife the lost husband will be; how far from parents the lost children will be; how far from children wicked parents will be. Oh, the terrors of an everlasting separation! No mind can grasp it. May God save you from it. (Many “Amens.”)

Imagine an angel seeking a glimpse of the abode of the lost; he charts a ray of light and dashes through space at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second—and he moves out into the illimitless bounds of space until worlds look like needles’ points, and suns look like sparks, on and on for one hundred billions of years, and yet he never reaches the border line of *outer darkness*, for no being can pass through the gulf which is fixed between Heaven and hell. Unutterable doom! Good Lord, deliver us. (Amens.)

The third terror to which I will call your attention is found in the words: “For their worm shall not die.” What does that mean? Does it mean that fiery scorpions will fasten their fiend-

ish fangs upon the naked flesh and drive the sting of second death into the writhing, shuddering sinner? Can it mean that some horrid tarantula-like worm with poisonous tentacles dripping with strange pollution can be found as the associate of imps and screaming devils to make the night of woe the more unendurable? Does it mean that in hell, some senseless, eyeless, creeping thing can live and torment the victims of the devil's intrigue and cunning? Could it be that a harrowing rustle like the dreadful rattlesnake, or a fearful hiss will be heard? I do not know. But this I do know: you will meet the shades and ghosts of every murdered opportunity, and as they point their bony fingers in your face and charge you with your own damnation your awakened conscience will become your accuser and will no longer lie asleep within your bosom, but will be within you a fire, and upon your soul a scourge throughout the endless ages. Conscience may be the worm that dieth not.

My friend, M. B. Williams, related in my presence this incident: In Savannah, Georgia, a mother had three children taken with some malady of a contagious nature; the doctor prescribed the medicine with instructions to give the same at six, twelve, and six. She gave the first dose, and some time in the night she reached out and

got a bottle from the shelf and stepped to the window and in the moonlight poured three spoonfuls of the medicine into the mouths of the children. In the early hours of the morning she turned to see her precious little ones, and she found them cold in death. She ran to arouse the rest of the family, and the doctor was summoned. When he reached the home the frantic woman said: "Doctor, you have killed my three children." He replied: "Be careful what charge you bring against me. I am sure that I did not kill your children." "But I gave the medicine and the children are dead." The doctor began looking for a clew. The druggist declared that he had made no mistake in compounding the prescription. At last the physician found a bottle containing rat poison, near the bed; and it slowly dawned upon the broken-hearted mother that she was to blame for the death of her children. She had failed to light a lamp and had taken hold of the wrong bottle. The post-mortem examination revealed the fact that death was the result of poisoning. The mother followed her little ones to the cemetery and for three days and nights she was like Rachel of old—refusing to be comforted. Her wail was: "I have killed my children! Oh, I have killed my precious children." Her friends and relatives spoke of the fact of the sad affair being accidental; that she was not

guilty of the murder of her children. But she continued her wail and her cries between the cemetery and her home, refusing food and unable to sleep; at the end of the third day she fell dead in her tracks. The physicians said that death was the result of heart failure. No doubt of that, but such criminal negligence caused her conscience to gnaw her very life away. It was neglect, Neglect, **NEGLECT!** Can you imagine her torture of mind for one moment, for one hour, one day, one week, one year, one life-time, for **ETERNITY?** Your eternity, if it is to be spent in hell, will be a never ending repetition of just such a state of mind; for you could have been saved, if you *would*, and to go down to hell and be compelled for all eternity to blame no one but yourself—will be the bitterest kind of dying possible for the mind to conceive. Oh, the awakened conscience to apply the lash upon the soul forever, because you chose death rather than life, sin instead of righteousness. God bankrupted the Treasure House of Glory in order that you might be saved—you can't accuse God for your lost condition. "Son, remember," remember that you have an opportunity every day of your life to be reconciled to God. You have it *now!*

"How shall we escape if we neglect *so great salvation?*" This text is a wonderful defense of

the plan of salvation. It boldly asserts that it is a *great salvation*; and truly it is: it being the *only* hope of the race it must be a great salvation. It is great because it saves great sinners from the terrors of an awful hell of everlasting fire and outer darkness—where their worm shall not die. For any man to reject Christ means spiritual suicide. Look under your feet now; are you standing upon the bleeding form of the Son of God? Are you courting death and hating life? Beware, beware!

Let me ask you a question. Is a father lacking in love if he warns his son to keep away from fire, poison or other destructive elements; and is he to blame if the child disobeys him—with stiff-necked rebellion against his father's warnings, and does so at the expense of his own life? The child is not responsible for having come into the world, but he is expected to take care of himself so long as he is in this world. God has given us His oath that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Sinner, hear me! The way to hell is over the love of God. It crosses it every moment in the journey, and Christ proved that God's love reaches to the very mouth of the pit, when He

said to that thief: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

A great salvation. Let me illustrate it with an incident which I have heard my friend, William A. Sunday, tell from his experiences in Y. M. C. A. work:

At the close of a noonday meeting in the Association rooms, he noticed a man weeping bitterly, and he asked him to tell the cause of his great sorrow of heart, whereupon the man replied: "I am lost and I am afraid God can't save such a man as I am." He was quickly told that it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. The man replied: "You don't know what kind of a sinner I have been." He was in great distress of mind and finally told his story as follows: "I grew tired of my home in the east, and I wanted more liberty, so I left home and went west. Mother had always tried to get me to live a Christian life, but I would have nothing to do with the matter, and for years I received her letters of advice and council, but as I grew more reckless the less I cared for words of advice; so I began burning all of her letters without opening them. At last I went to Denver and secured work in the switch-yards of a western road, and in some way mother found out that I was there and soon began writing to

me, but I would burn the letters as soon as I saw the post-mark upon them. But one day I opened a letter and it read: 'My dear Frank, I do not understand why you do not answer my letters. If you do not answer this one, I am coming to Denver to see you. Your loving Mother.'

"I placed the letter in the fire and did not give it a second thought; but one day I looked down the tracks and saw a woman coming, and when we reached the place where I could see her face, I saw my mother. We came up in a moment and she looked up and cried out: 'Frank, oh, Frank.'

"Now, what do you think I did?" My friend replied: "I know what you did. You got down out of the cab of that engine and you threw your arms around her neck, and you said: 'Mother, forgive me for my recklessness, for my ingratitude, and my cruelty.' The man wept aloud and said: "No, sir, I was so low in sin that I did not even speak to my mother. I did not look her way when we came even with her, and she followed us for some time, trying to catch my eye, but I would not heed her calls. Some one evidently told her that I would be at the round-house at a certain hour, for when I reached there she was waiting, and came to embrace me, but I pushed her aside, and changed my clothes and went to my boarding-house and

she followed, trying to engage me in conversation. When we reached the boarding-house, I went in, shut the door and locked it, changed clothes again and went out and spent the night in sin, and refused to stay and speak with my mother. She stayed in Denver for three days, and I refused all attempts on her part to engage me on family ties or friendly terms. She said calmly: 'Frank, I have done all that a mother can do. You have broken my heart. I am going to leave this afternoon.' I did condescend to go to the train with her, and the porter took her baggage and she had the window opened and she placed her head out of the window and said: 'Frank, come and kiss me good bye.' But I stood with my back to her and then I heard the conductor say: 'All aboard!' And I heard the bell begin to ring and the wheels begin to turn; and I heard my mother say: 'Oh, Frank; if you will not kiss me good bye, do turn and look at me.' A man standing by me said: 'Frank A——, you are a fool to treat your old mother like that.' That train left Denver, and that has been nine years and I have never seen mother since. Do you think God can save a man like that?" Sunday said that the man sobbed for fully five minutes, and then he pointed him to the Savior, showing him that as base as spurning a mother's tears is, a greater sin is rejecting Jesus Christ.

The man was very definitely led into hope and forgiveness of sin. He was a faithful attendant at the services of the Association for six months, and then he seemed to disappear from the city. Two years later my friend was at his desk, and he looked up and there was his friend of two years before. He greeted him cordially, and said: "Frank, did you ever find your mother?" The smile gave way to a cloud of sorrow that covered his face as he answered: "Yes, I found her." "Where is she, Frank?" Tears came to his eyes as he said: "She is across the way at the —— hotel. I am taking her to Los Angeles. She is dying of consumption, and I am trying to make her few remaining days as comfortable as possible." Three months later he passed through Chicago and finished his story. A few days before he reached Chicago his mother called him to her bedside in Los Angeles, just as the day was dying in the west. That poor, wasted, depleted, dying mother placed her arms around his neck as he knelt by her side, and said: "Frank, you make your old mother so happy, now. I can go, knowing full well that you are a Christian, and that you will meet me over yonder."

My brethren, it is a GREAT SALVATION that can save a man of that sort and send him back to his home, looking for his broken-hearted

mother, that he might in some way make reparation for his prodigal past, and bring the sunshine of the Gospel into her heart from his personal experience. (Sobs, and hundreds in tears. Cries of "Amen.")

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

During the after-meeting which followed, there were between ninety and one hundred conversions in the Marion (Kansas) Union Tabernacle meeting.

III.

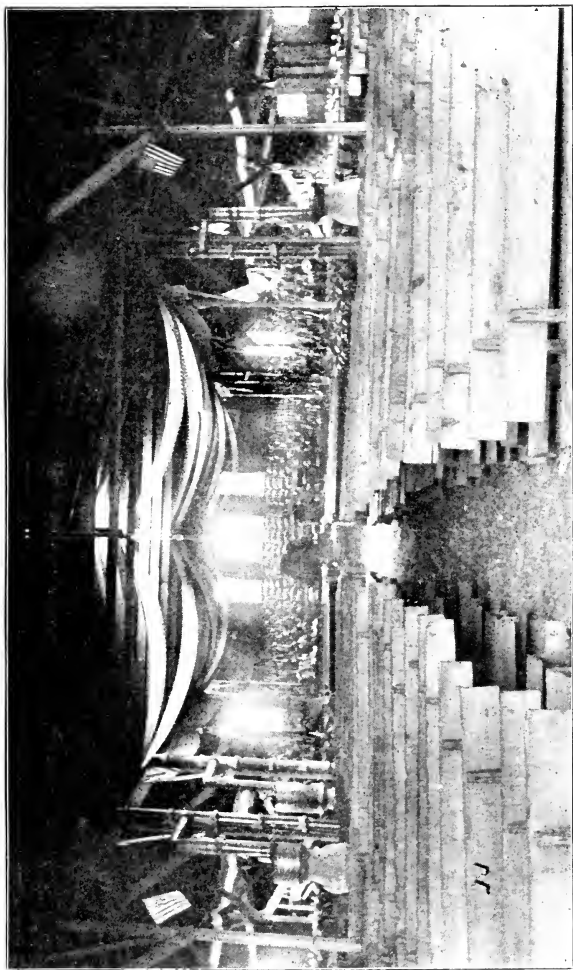
THE HEART OF GOD.

As preached in the Union Tabernacle meeting in Topeka, Kansas, etc., etc.

My text to-night is found in the Gospel of John, the third chapter, and the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

These words have been described by some one as, "The Gospel in a nut-shell." That is true, but this text has within it the very history of Creation as well, and it shows to the world the heart of God.

There was a time when there was nothing but God. No breath of air stirred the leaves of verdant forest or caused to wave the beautiful blooming flowers; no heart was stirred with the sweet whispers of love; no tears were shed because of departed loved ones; no day of deeds, good or bad, marked the eternal record of a human soul; no star pierced the gloom of night omnipotent which swayed a scepter of universal power; no comet moved along its erratic track through boundless space with its fiery mane ef-



An Interior View.

fulgent with royal splendor. All was darkness, except God. But He had been satisfied in His workshop with the purposes of His own will, the plans of His own determinate counsel. At last the world was created in some shapeless mass, for the Word declares that it "was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Then God broke the spell of His eternal silence and said: "Let there be light!" and instantly night trembled upon its crumbling throne and its scepter was wrenched forever from the gloomy hand that had so long wielded unquestioned sway of universal space. Suns and stars, satellites and systems waved their new-born banners in the ether as it heralded from pole to pole and from sphere to sphere that Time, the first-born of God, had begun his days.

The work of populating the sea and land and air began, and God looked upon the animate life from lower to higher order, and each after his kind was pronounced "good" by Divinity, and began the propagation of his species. At last the fiat went forth that God would create Man, and the successive creations arrayed themselves in regal splendor, and, Dr. Munsey said: "The Evening Star gently opened a window of her splendid home in the far-off Hesperian, and stepped out upon a cerulean balcony balustered

with sapphire, her beautiful robe of ethereal azure, with borders glinted with vermilion, falling gracefully about her lovely form, her fair brow wearing a crown of diamonds, her luxuriant tresses of glittering gold drooping to her silver sandals, her sweet, sweet face upturned, all the stars applauding, and said, "Make him like me." But God said, "No." Now, fair Selene, the gentle moon, queen of the night, her robe of hoary light fringed with aureate and trailing in the ocean's brine, escorted by the constellations and coming in royal procession along the sky, turned her cold, chaste face, radiant with beauty, and looked with her fine eye of conscious purity and unfeigned reverence at God, her maker, and said, "Make him like me." But God blessed her, and then said, "No."

Next Eos, the Latin-named Aurora, the superb goddess of the dawn, robed in saffron attire, embroidered with crimson, opened the gates of the Orient with her rosy fingers, and mounted her chariot which came rolling along the amber paved highway of the Levant, her beautiful veil floating in the breath of Eurus, and pinned upon her brow with the star of morning, and pearly dew trickling down her cheeks, and sifting through the air upon pastures floral and green, and said, "Make him like me." But, again, God said, "No." Next, golden-slippered Iris, the

charming daughter of Thaumus and Electra—Wonder and Brightness—standing upon the arch of the rainbow, flinging kisses at the rumbling thunder, and pencilling blushes upon the cheeks of the storm and smiles upon the ugly face of the tempest, the pattering rain dancing to the music of her laugh, said, "Make him like me." But again God said "No."

Next, Helios, the grand god of the sun, and king of the firmament, the material type of the immaterial God, arrayed in his imperial robes, woven with polychromatic woof into a warp of splendid fire, whose scepter was a solid carbuncle tipped with flame, and whose imperial crown threatened to kindle the universe into one wide, inextinguishable conflagration, mounted his burning chariot-throne rolling upon wheels of torrid amber and drawn by steeds shod with lightning, whose quivering manes dropped golden frost, and whose lustrous trappings were ablaze with jewels and gold, and magnificently attended, ascended the east. At his coming the Evening Star turned pale with reverence, lifted her diadem, and retired to her boudoir; fair Selene, abashed, retreated to her palace; Aurora fled westwardly, and Iris stood away on a distant cloud—in after-times the sailor's warning as well as the seal of the Noachian promise—respectfully keeping her proper distance, while all

the stars, affrighted, ran out of his path and hid themselves. But this monarch of the planets, unconscious of the reverence paid him and ambitious of a greater honor, with steady rein drove along the ecliptic, and halting upon the summit of its towering arch, whose keystone is now worn smooth by the feet of descending and ascending angels resting midway between earth and heaven, turned his dazzling face and fiery eye to God in council, and said with confidence, "Make him like me." Though splendid he was, yet he met not God's ideal of a man, and God said, "No."

Next, an Archangel, shining with the pure, ethereal light of the spiritual and heavenly, unfolded his broad wings of dazzling splendor, and faster than ever comet flashed through the constellated fields of immeasurable space, shaving by turns in his rapid flight heaven's horizontal floors and firmamental domes, flew to Deity, and pausing, let down her wings and stood sublime in beauty and effulgent with glory, and said, "Make him like me." But still Heaven's ideal of a man was unrealized, and again God said, "No." The Trinity in council resolved to make man, but they had a higher Archetype than all these—"Let us make man." How?

Hear it, ye swimming tribes which sport in scaly silver and lamellated gold in pellucid

floods; hear it, ye winged denizens of the air which soar in polished quills and glittering plumage; hear it, ye muscular tenants of the forest whose haughty tramp crushes your mother sod, and whose lordly roaring shakes the hills; hear it, ye dashing comets in whose ethereal tracks your outwent glories trail, and glimmer, and scintillate, and die; hear it, ye stars which shine away upon your lofty towers of azure beauty; hear it, ye effulgent suns which fling your splintered pencils of resplendent light throughout universal nature; hear it, ye angels of God who vie in glory around Heaven's high throne; hear, all of you, in what will constitute man's real worth and truest grandeur, and which will make him a fit diadem to crown creation with: "Let us make man." How? "IN OUR IMAGE, AFTER OUR LIKENESS." And God took man, His own image, His own likeness, man the microtheosm, man the little God, and placed him at the head of creation."

Man is a tripartite combination, physically made of the dust of the earth, but not perfect as a creation until God breathed into his nostrils the breath of *lives*, and man became a living soul. Man, the trichotomy—the chain with three links binding this earth to God. The Spiritual life connecting with the Mental life and the mentality connecting with the physical life, and through

man this world was bound to the very altar of God. But the Archfiend of Sable Night looked upon the perfect picture, Man in his Edenic purity and innocence, the companion of angels and the comrade of God, and he mounted Hell's swiftest charger—Temptation, and he drew from his paraphernalia of battle a horrible lancet, dipped its barbed end in the most insidious poison known in hell—namely, sin, and he dashed full-handed upon man and struck the death blow and man fell and the earth reeled and tottered, and fallen man and fallen world went crashing through the immensity of being, and the systems throughout infinite and boundless space reverberated again and again, above the roar of high carnival in hell, while the awful tempest in man's sin-stained soul shattered the very hopes of God for his future, and every atom of animate and inanimate life, and every minim of water, and every work of God's creative genius shuddered at the fearful shock.

But the world fell lower and lower, man was buried under the fogs and clouds of sin and despair, but 1,900 years ago God pinned back the curtain of darkness with the Star of Bethlehem, and swifter than a ray of light Jesus Christ came and with human hand He caught this sinking old world and with Divine hand He grasped the hand of God and announced the Door of Mercy

open, and the text is the official record, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

My brethren, we are upon holy ground in this discussion. The love of God to man in spite of his indifference to His love is the stumbling block of Theologians, the unfathomed mystery of life. It is the robber of death and the grave of their sting and of their victory.

"Oh, the love that drew Salvation's plan,
Oh, the grace that brought it down to man,
Oh, the mighty gulf that God did span
At Calvary."

If there is one verse in the Bible above another that the devil would like to blot forever from the pages of Inspiration, it is John 3:16. The constant charges made by corrupt men that God is murderous and full of hate instead of love proves that the devil is trying to tear from the human family the last vestige of hope. Let the thought that God hates mankind become universal and the vultures of despair would build their nests in the precincts of every home, and this world would be immediately hurled into the impenetrable gloom of "outer darkness," and there would be "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

A friend of mine in the west said: "I understand Christ. He went about healing the sick, maimed, halt and blind, feeding the multitudes, even raising the dead. But I cannot understand how God manifested His love. Please explain it to me." I replied: "When I see Jesus Christ bless little children I know God's love for little children. When I see Jesus Christ heal the sick, the maimed and halt and blind, I know God's love for the same," for Jesus said: "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Jesus Christ revealed to this world the heart of God. God could have dethroned man's will, made of him a machine, and coerced man into service, but He chose to make man the master of his own will, and by showing man His love for him win man's love in return. Love wins. The loveless heart is the dead heart. How dark this world would be if every lamp of love were extinguished in every family circle to-night. Our hearts would starve—yea, freeze or fossilize and the smiling, happy bride would be simply a memory of the dead past.

The love of God is the grandest theme ever told to a listening ear. Oh, rebel against God's mercy! Will it be necessary for God to place another cross upon a lonely hill and a bleeding sacrifice upon it before you are moved with the story of the Father's love?

Ingratitude, base, blackened, horrid child of Eternal Death, I bid thee in Jesus' name, come out of every heart within my hearing to-night and descend into the realms of outer darkness, and never more take up thy former place of corrupt habitation within the heart of a child of redeeming love. Oh, Mighty God, may thy Spirit melt careless hearts, and set the captives free. ("Amens.")

God's wondrous love holds back the sword of just recompense, and our lives because of it are spared until to-night. Will you never turn a smiling face toward God?

His mercy, His love, His Son all trampled under unclean, rebellious and wicked feet. Will you burn out the candle of God's love and blow the ashes in His face? "No, no!" I hear a cry. It comes from the stream of life—and yonder in the darkness, borne down upon its relentless tide, is a sinking soul, a discouraged man, a wandering woman, a hopeless wreck; and upon the brink are the messengers of death, the fiery imps of darkest hell, and they declare to sinking, perishing souls that there is no hope! But there is hope!

I was in Alaska when the S. S. Islander went down off Douglass Island. Mr. Simpson, the chief steward, said he had floated about on a piece of a broken spar for hours until he was so

chilled and benumbed with cold that he finally lost all hope and saw his doom sealed—death in that ice-water, away from home and loved ones. When just at his moment of awful agony of heart, a light pierced the darkness, the splash of oars was heard, and a voice cried out: "There is Simpson, we must save him; brace up, old man, we will save you." Mr. Simpson said that it sent fire and energy to his farthest extremities, and soon a friendly hand reached out and he was safe in the life-boat.

Tell the man in despair that there is hope. Yes, sin has blackened your heart, crushed your hopes, stained your garments until all your righteousness is as filthy rags; your manhood is blighted, and your conscience is murdered, but there is hope if you turn, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." ("Amens.")

The love of God blesses the homes of this world when it is shed abroad in hearts.

If every heart in this fair land were filled with the love of God, the iniquitous travesty upon love—lust—would never spread misery and sorrow in homes, and death and degradation in hearts. And that damnable disgrace to American citizenship—the divorce—would never lift its hydra-head in another court room in our land.

Home would be as God would have it, and peace like a river would attend every life.

Family rows, jars and quarrels would never sever the ties that bind the hearts in the sweet fellowship of the fireside.

When I was out West, I met a father who had ordered his son to leave the home and never darken its door again. The son left, but about three months later he was taken across the threshold of the home in his coffin. The hard lines had been washed away from the father's face by the scalding tears that rolled down his cheeks, and to this day the wail of that father's heart is:

"Oh, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,

When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime."

The love of God in that father's heart would have saved the boy, and the years of grinding grief which he has suffered since that fatal day would have never been.

A contrasting picture now to illustrate the argument. Dr. C—— was on a west-bound train some years ago, and he found in the car ahead of the one in which he had a berth his friend, Major W——.

Dr. C—— touched him upon the shoulder and said: "Which way, Major?" "I am going to

Chicago," the Major replied; "my son Charlie has been injured, but God will not take him from us, for I think my son will be a great help in my work." They separated, and some hours later the train reached Niles, Michigan, and the Chicago papers were soon purchased by the passengers. Dr. C—— said the first thing that met his glance was the headline: "Charlie W—— dead." He hastened to find the Major. He found his head bowed and the heart-broken father sobbing. The messages which had been sent had missed him. He read of his son's death in the paper. Dr. C—— laid his hand gently upon his shoulder and said: "Major, if it will give you any comfort to know that you have the love, prayers and sympathy of a friend, I give you my heart's best at this time." Major W—— raised his tear-stained face and said: "Doctor, I have no controversy with God. He has given, and He has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Sit down here and I will tell you how we won Charlie for Christ. Prof. B—— and myself were in a meeting in Minnesota. Mrs. W—— telegraphed me that Charlie was going to leave home. I turned the meeting over to competent leaders and went to Chicago on the first train. I found Charlie up stairs packing when I reached the house. Mrs. W—— and I talked matters over, and especially one thing in which Charlie

thought we were wrong. We agreed to have it fully understood before he left, so that no hard feelings could exist. He came down stairs, I met him and told him how we would greatly miss him, how his mother would suffer during the hours of his absence, but to remember that his room was ever at his disposal, his place at the table permanent, the welcome back to the home everlasting. We soon understood each other regarding the matter mentioned; and I suggested that he join us in prayer. We kneeled together; we had our arms about the boy. I prayed, Mrs. W—— prayed, but her mother-heart broke and her prayer ended in a sob. I asked Charlie to pray. His heart was melted and he could only say: 'Oh God, the trouble is not with father and mother, but in my own wicked heart, forgive me for Jesus' sake.' " The Major smiled through his tears and added: "Then and there Charlie was born into the Kingdom of God. What if we had not won him then? He would be dead to-day without hope in Jesus Christ."

May every heart and home in this land open to let God's mighty love prevail within them.

I have seen many of the wonders of this world. I stood in the forest of Fontainbleu and saw the trails of the hunt of the King. French history opened before me, and as I looked upon two mighty monarchs of the forest, fourteen

hundred fifty-three years old—one standing and the other fallen—(the iron teeth of time have gnawed it down)—they pointed me to the day of the conversion of Clovis to Catholicism.

I studied the architecture of the palace of Fontainebleau, its interior decorations, the dainty rooms of Marie Antoinette revealing the exquisite native culture and refinement of her much-misunderstood soul.

I looked with wonder upon the monument of the pomp and power of King Louis XIV, the palace of Versailles, Petite Trianon, the magnificent landscape gardening—the pride of France stretching out in matchless beauty, terrace upon terrace for four miles leading up to the grand entrance of the palace. Fountains and flowers, lagoons and devious winding pathways, with living royalty to enjoy them, and I was living—in fancy—in the past. But our Cariole was soon on the road to Paris, where I saw the Tower of Eiffel, the Arch of Triumph, Notre Dame, Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysées, Bois de Bologne and the grand old Louvre made rich in art by the military prowess of Napoleon—"The Archangel of War." I saw Paris by daylight and by lamplight; I learned to love her Art and scorn her superficiality and hate her reeking rottenness. We admired the beautiful Cathedral City upon the hills—Rouen—and left the harbor of Dieppe,

so cold and foreboding, and battled against that uncivilized body of water—the English channel—until in deathly sea-sickness we gave up everything but the ghost, but at last we reached the friendly shores of old England and were soon speeding toward London, the slow, ponderous metropolis of the world—where the Tower of London, Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the Zoological Garden, British Museum and other places of age and beauty contributed to the pleasure and profit of our visit. But be it ever so ancient or great there's no place like America. We turned our faces westward and we boarded a magnificent ocean liner and ploughed the waves of the Atlantic to the grandest nation that the sun e'er shone upon—where the Goddess of Liberty heralds the message of hope to the people now bound in the iron bands of militarism. Leaving New York we swept on through the heart of the east until I saw the cascades from flowing fountains make beautiful the emerald sides of the Alleghenies and breathed the perfume of the pines of the Cumberlands and the magnolias of dear old Dixie; then on through the great agricultural states of our own native homeland—where all nature seemed happy. The grass blades nodded in the morning air, the corn-tops bowed and smiled, the trees laughed until they shook

their leaves; and spanning the rivers and measuring the plains at last our majestic steed of steel stood panting in Denver Union Station—then borne along past shelving rock, o'er crag and torrent till the jagged peaks seemed to touch the angels' feet and on through Royal Gorge—where God once moved His finger—then over Marshall Pass and down the Pacific slope, across the sands of arid deserts until I saw the blush on the cheeks of the snow-capped peaks of the mighty sons of the Wasatch, telling me

“The nearer Heaven
The whiter is the dress;”

and then we raced with the Columbia until that stream was crossed and at Puget Sound we hitched our leviathan to the starry night and rode the waves of an icy channel to the land of the midnight sun where I saw gigantic glaciers bare their breasts and unsheath the inflexible sword of frigidity and go forth to battle with the sun—but when I saw the Lord Jehovah from whose face the heavens and the earth fled away till there was found no place for them and read “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life,” I said: “Wonder of Wonders is the love of God to a lost and ruined race! (“Amens.”)

I am standing in my imagination at life's great depot. There stands the Gospel train upon the first track; destination the City of God—New Jerusalem. A mother steps aboard; her son comes into the station and soon finds that his mother is upon the train; he hears her call; he steps within reach of the train; his mother says: "Come aboard, my son, this is the right road to travel on." "Yes, mother, I think so, too, but there is plenty of time yet, I will look around, I will be back again," so he passes on and sees a train not far from the Gospel train, destination, Decision Junction and intermediate points. He passes on and views the train bound for the City of Death. He needs only a glance at the lustful, profane, drunken, murderous, thieving reprobates aboard that train to make him shudder and as he sees the sexes mixed in such gross degeneracy, he turns and thinks of his pure, praying mother, his sweet sister, his beautiful sweetheart, his noble father, and moves with rapid step toward the Gospel train, but a friend calls him as he passes the Moral train and asks him aboard; he meets the Conductor and asks him what kind of passengers he has aboard. The Conductor replies: "The best in the land, may be some church members, but no fanatics, none to bother your religious or political views, a jolly crowd."

The bells ring, the Conductors call out: "All

aboard!" The trains move out. Mother wonders why her boy has never gotten aboard. Years pass by, the Gospel train moves through green pastures and beside still waters. Consecration, Love, Hope, Faith, Victory, Grace and Glory are reached and then the train overtops the delectable mountains and visions of the Golden City are seen.

The Moral train passes through the cities of Compromise, Policy, Popularity, Fame and Sin, at last the Brakeman calls out: "Decision Junction, the next station; change cars for the New Jerusalem; this train for the City of Death." Time has penciled the change of years upon the face, and the boy of yore is now the busy man of the Counting House. The trains are life trains. He has ears to hear but he does not use them, the warning is sounded at last: "Decision Junction, change cars." He feels the rough switching as the trains are amalgamated; many leave the train. What is Decision Junction? The Revival. The uneasiness and unrest of switching is Conviction, and I want to tell you that it is time to CHANGE CARS!. We have reached Decision Junction to-night. ("Amens.")

The train for the City of Death has passed through Temptation, Lust, Sin, Adultery, Drunkenness, and every city in the category of crookedness; at last it nears Decision Junction, and the

warning is sounded: "Decision Junction, the last stop this side of the City of Death; all out for New Jerusalem." Drunkards and gamblers, harlots and thieves, leave the train amid a volley of jeers and scoffs.

The Moral train is pressed into service at Decision Junction for special daily service to Hell. The train is made up of the old Hell-bound train and Moral train and it pulls out of Decision Junction under guard. Our friend at last hears oaths and groans. Fiery eyes and bloated faces, fearful crimes and hellish villainy reveal the nature of the crowd. He springs to his feet. "Captain," he cries; the Conductor staggers toward him. He is not the one who started on the Moral train. "Let me leave this train." "Nonsense," replies the Conductor. "You are my prisoner, Decision Junction was your last chance to leave this train. When we left Decision Junction you all were placed under lock and key. Hell is the next station." "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" shrieks the frantic man. He glances through the window; there's a rift in the clouds, a sight of the New Jerusalem—the Gospel train has reached its destination, mother is being welcomed, but she casts a wistful eye back for the son.

The slippery track down the canyon hastens the speed, the drunken engineer loses control of the

Hell-bound train and bellowing thunder rolls along while lurid lights ahead, and fumes of deadly poisons, mingling with the screams of lost souls, make the night of death hideous for every passenger aboard the train, led by bands of blackest imps returning to their fiendish master with the fruits of their awful work on earth. Young man, hear me! What train are you aboard? Are you with mother and loved ones on the old Gospel train? If not, CHANGE CARS to-night!

IV.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

(As preached in the great Union Tabernacle Meeting,
Shawnee, Oklahoma.)

My text to-night is one of the kind that silences the scoffer, warns the infidel and alarms the indifferent. In spite of the man who denies the Divinity of Christ, or the one who ignores the claims of the Bible, the agnostic, atheist or materialist, with foundationless assumptions, this text will cause men in every walk of life to take an invoice of their eternal hope wherever it is proclaimed. It is recorded in Hebrews 9:27. There are two great facts stated in the text and I am going to discuss the text under two heads. First, "It is appointed unto men once to die." I assert that these words are true. Your cemeteries, tombstones, empty chairs and broken hearts prove them to be true. Death is no respecter of persons, for, into the homes of wealth and poverty the King of Terrors makes his way,

"And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

Where are the patriarchs, the prophets and the apostles, the philosophers, savants, and teachers of old? Death has placed around them his iron grasp and in his steel cold embrace they sleep. Where are our forefathers, our missing loved ones, the pride and joy of our hearts and homes? Let the text answer: "It is appointed unto men once to die." There in the sweet morn of life is that queenly young woman. Do you see the roses on her cheeks, the lustre in her eyes? Time will steal the roses, and bedim those eyes of beauty, and bow that form of supple loveliness with the weight of years, and he will wrinkle that face with the lines of care and sorrow; old age and decrepitude will mount the citadel of life and hoary hair will adorn that brow and feebleness will mark the step.

We feel ourselves within death's awful power—and on we sweep, nearer each moment to the end. The pagodas of the past have crumbled beneath the magic touch of Time.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—"

"Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!"

We are in the grasp of some subtle power that moves us on and on, irresistibly, relentlessly upon

the tide of the stream of life. Whither away, fearful spirit? Must we all suffer defeat at the hands of our life-long enemy? Time, the author of change, dictates his own terms to the human race. He has chained us to his dreadful chariot and, reckless as Jehu, he drives on with the speed of the wind toward the yawning abyss—the charnel house of the dead—and the next step is the Judgment. ARE YOU READY?

I believe that every man ought to think for five minutes a day upon the fact that he must die; not that he might grow sombre or morose but that the fact of one life, one opportunity to prepare for the future, one record of life is all that any of us can enjoy in this present state. Men in walks of sin do not welcome the thought of death; they dread it, or refuse to think about it. No matter how unwelcome the thought or how harsh it may sound in your ears to-night, hear the text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment." Come out of your hiding places now into the full glare of the most solemn fact that can ever be considered. YOU MUST DIE! I do not know what one in this audience will be the next to fill a coffin, to ride in the funeral wagon. I was preaching in a small Oklahoma town some time ago, and I was urging a rebellious and stiff-necked people

to repent of sin and turn to lives of decency. When instantly it flashed upon my mind that I must warn the people of some impending disaster. I said: "Within forty-eight hours something is going to happen that will wake you people from your sleep of sin. That same night a young man was sought by workers to yield to Christ but he refused. The next day he was blown into pieces by a stick of dynamite, and a youth died in the hospital under the surgeon's knife.

The importance of the message is, in connecting the certainty of death with the certainty of the Judgment. Science proves that this world is to undergo some radical change; everything meets its fate; death is the invincible foe of the race. One of these days as this grand world of ours is dashing along through space at the rate of eighteen miles per second, it will lose its course and the friction caused will set the elements into a fearful flame, which will threaten to destroy the vast army of suns, stars and systems, and in the midst of that fearful conflagration during which the elements will melt with fervent heat and the stars will fall, and the sun become darkened and the moon become as sackcloth of hair, this world with all its dead, small and great, with its living, rich and poor, will be ushered into the presence of the portals of the

Judgment Throne of God, to give an account for the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad ; and as earth and sea and hell give up their dead, the very sky will become alive to the importance of this dreadful day of the Lord. How many will be there? A multitude which no man can number, and as they assemble from the dim ages of the past, the very dust of antiquity will become instinct with life, the graves will give up their dead, the tombstones will crumble and decay, hell will vomit its hideous hosts from its horrid mouth and the blackened imps will darken the very firmament. Here is God's word for it:

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the Books were opened : and another Book was opened, which is the Book of Life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the Books, according to their *works*. (Not according to their opinions.)

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to *their* works. (Not according to their neighbor's works.)

"And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death.

"And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. 20; 11-15.

There is one fact that I would be able to get into every heart in this assembly. It is this: "Be SURE your sin will find you out." You may imagine that while you escaped between two suns and are living in this new country (Oklahoma) that you are safe, secure, forgotten; but there is One whose eye has followed you and whose mark is upon you and sooner or later you will stand exposed to the gaze of countless millions, a refugee from justice, a murderer, a vile reprobate, a criminal for eternity. Mighty God, reach the criminal to-night. It may not be that you are of the type mentioned; your sin was in the secret of your heart and in the heart of the one with whom you sinned: was it a lie, was it the blighting sin of adultery, was it thievery, was it any corroding, pestilence from hell that besmirched you in that awful hour of sin? If so, BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

There is no darkness intense enough to hide your sin from the eye of God. I walked down the street of an Iowa city several years ago, and a physician asked me to visit his office. In com-

pany with a number of friends I went to his office that evening to see the wonders of the X-ray machine. He made ready and handed me the strange looking lenses and I looked upon the bones of my friend, though covered with a veil of flesh. The tacks in his shoe sole seemed to hang in space, the bones of the foot were plain to my vision, aided by that powerful ray; but when I turned my attention to the vertebræ, I saw the ribs standing out like grim spectres, and when I reached the region of the heart, I saw the dim outline of a living, moving organ which meant life in action, and I trembled as I thought—man has discovered a ray that reveals the vitals of a man in action, his heart is open for observation under the power of that light. One step more and Divinity reads the sins of that heart! For the first time I understood the words; God looketh upon the heart. My friend, God is looking your way now. That lie, or crime of any kind that you have ever been guilty of is in his Book of remembrance.

“Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

“If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou are there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there

shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.

"If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

"Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee." Ps. 139; 7-12.

I stood on the street in Paris and saw a reproduction of the great automobile races between Spain and France on canvas, produced by a machine invented by Edison, the Cinematograph, and I thought as I saw it that God has, doubtless, some plan for recording every movement, and registering every action; and as "the night shineth as the day," you cannot hope that any sin may escape the photographic elements of God. And when you stand before the Judgment bar your life will appear, with your daily record in panoramic reality to condemn or to approve you. What shall the end be? O, Eternity! O, the Judgment!

The law of cause and effect is a substantiated reality. Let me call your attention to it in regard to your life. God's plan for spiritual, moral and physical life, as well as universal life, is a plan of unity. If the water's level, by evaporation, becomes changed it is the work of the storming to restore the equilibrium. Planets, suns and systems must keep time to the music of the

spheres or the shores of the immensity of the sea of desolation will become strewn with the wrecks and fragments of the handiwork of God. Let one soul flash out of the true path of righteousness and the whole moral system feels the shock; sin disturbs the entire spiritual unity of universal being. The effect is the disturbance, and God traces the effect back to its fountain head and finds *you* the cause of this disruption. You profaned God's holy name, your boy heard it, and he began a life of profanity, and he taught others, and so on until a surging sea of rebellion dashed the spray of its damnable audacity into the very face of God. I tell you, sin is no trifle. Escape from the punishment of sin is impossible.

All around this globe is a subtle fluid called ether. It is said to fill space universal. Light waves its brilliant banners upon the surface of this elastic fluid, and day heralds his approach at 192,000 miles per second, with ether as its means of transportation. Without it no ray of light could reach us from the sun, moon or stars; without it no sound could ever be heard, although I might scream my message to you to-night, if the ether should suddenly be withdrawn from us by some chemical action, I could not make you hear. I stand before a mirror, and by the kindness of the ether my image is carried through a glass to a background of quicksilver and is re-

produced. Chemistry teaches us that that which is dark to man is not so regarded by the elements. Lower orders of life find no difficulty in traversing the woods or plains in the very darkest nights. God's word, the sword of the Spirit as the background, the image of your sinful life appears and your sin is constantly before the eye of God, and finds you out, and exposes you as a child of perdition, fit only for the abode of eternal hell. Wireless telegraphy demonstrates the sensitiveness of the ether. The very action of the brain cells in thought disturb the ether. And this Divine agency tells your secret thoughts to God.

I have had men say to me: "I can't live up to the standard; I have tried it and I can't hold out." I tell you that you can "hold out" if you want to. I was in the great Treadwell Mill, Douglas, Alaska, and was being shown through by the superintendent when I discovered an indicator on the wall in the power house, and I asked him what it was for. He replied: "It registers the power of compressed air for the Burley drills at all hours of the day. See that shovel pen filled with red ink? The hours are indicated, and the workmen who formerly said that they were short of air pressure can't make that excuse any longer, for we can see just what the power has been for every hour of the day." I said: "Thank you," as this fact fastened itself upon

my mind. There is power in the blood of Christ to save the vilest sinner on earth, and the eternal indicator will show to every man in the Day of Judgment the supply of power that he has spurned, and trampled under foot, and utterly disregarded.

The Day of Judgment is one day nearer to us than ever before. Think of it, my friend, without hope; the final examination is just ahead. In the name of reason and the sense of self-preservation get ready for that day. There you will meet your past, your indelible past, burned into the plastic conscience and as a scroll your memory will unroll the deeds of the body before the Judge of all the earth. All Judgment is committed unto the Son of God—He who sits to-day interceding for you, will arise and lay aside His Mediatorial robes and will don the garments of Judge, and the inflexible sword of justice and equity will hang from His girdle, and His eyes will be as a flame of fire searching every heart, and in the face of that innumerable company He will stand and *He looks at me, He looks at you*. The evidence is all in, for the Holy Ghost, the private detective of Jehovah, who has wooed you and convinced you of sin, of righteousness and of Judgment is there to testify on behalf of the prosecution, and no denial, alibi, alias, or scheme of bribery can be brooked. The stern reality of

meeting God is at hand. Who shall be able to stand? *Will you?*

The sight of demons, the burning elements, the clouds of wrath, the bellowing thunder shaking the vaulted sky, the solemnity of the occasion, the inevitable doom of the sinner, the searching fire from His eyes, and in the midst of this sublime spectacle of terror the multitude divides; and in the fire-mist the form of the Cross appears, and forever the multitude is divided.

“ ’Tis dividing the world,
Oh, my friend, it is true,
The dear Cross of Jesus—
On which side are you?”

The Cross divides this audience to-night. There are mothers on the right side and boys on the wrong side, there are wives on the right side and husbands on the wrong side. Friends and neighbors to be forever separated, *they shall part to meet no more*. O, the Judgment! Have you thought of the Judgment? Evangelist Jones relates an incident which occurred at his home in the south some years ago, when a preacher said to Col. Zachary: “Colonel, they tell me that you can’t live much longer.” The old man’s eyes flashed fire as he replied: “I have faced death in twenty-six battles, and I am not afraid to meet the enemy.” And he fell back with the assurance

that he had covered the ground of the future, but the preacher said: "Colonel, how about the Judgment, are you ready for the Judgment?" The dying man was silent for a moment and then in a tone of agony of heart, he said: "My God, I'm not ready for the Judgment; I have not thought about the Judgment." Hear me, brethren, that is the trouble with the sinful men and women of your city to-night; they have not thought of the Judgment and they do not want to think of it. Will you always banish every sober thought, every honest inquiry of your hungry soul, for hope, will you murder mercy and curse the patience of God, and defy God to bring you to Judgment? My brother, stop and think, Think, THINK of the Judgment! "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment." When it will dawn no man knoweth, but God's word says: "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." In the midst of that fearful day the Judge will test every soul, the righteousness of God's law will be fully established; and every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus is the Christ to the glory of God the Father. Infidels will be there, agnostics,

nihilists, atheists, anarchists, harlots, drunkards, murderers, adulterers, liars, rebels against God will line up and pay their tribute to the justice of the Judgment. You can curse God here, you can trample under foot the prayers of your loved ones, but in that awful day when the eternal dividing line separates you from your pure wife, your noble mother, your beautiful daughter, will you then give vent to the vile accusations against Christ which have characterized you in your life on earth? Will you charge God with responsibility for your doom, when you have sealed it by your stubborn resistance against the pleadings of His love? Will you crouch and cower like a belabored hound and plead piteously for His forgiveness at that late hour? Will you cry out in frantic voice and tones of despair for the intercession of wife or mother? God pity you, my lost friend, in that awful moment there will be no balm for sorrow, no physician to heal, no blood to cleanse, no God to hear a penitent sinner's cry, no door of mercy open. The day of Grace will be forever closed, and as the new heaven and new earth roll into view, the portals of an unending day are pushed into view, and the Judge arises and pronounces the sentence of the second death: "DEPART FROM ME, YE CURSED, INTO EVERLASTING FIRE, PREPARED FOR THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS!" The

sword descends and the stars leap back to escape its wrath, and the shouts of demons escorting the lost to their everlasting abode, mingling with the moans and groans of the lost fill space with unutterable and dreadful sounds of agony; the mouth of hell has enlarged herself and sinners sink to dark despair, and the lock is placed upon the door of the pit and the great gulf is fixed and under no condition can any pass the portals of eternal night.

The Son of God turns and instantly adorns Himself for the Heavenly nuptials, when the Church Militant becomes the Church Triumphant. A smile lights up His face, the angels take it up, every saint reflects that smile, and the angel choirs unite with the saints in singing:

“All hail the power of Jesus name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem;
And crown Him Lord of all.”

A mighty messenger shouts forth the words: “The kingdoms of this world have become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign forever.” The walls of salvation surround the glorified saints and the dawn of eternal bliss is at hand. I want to be there, don’t you? (Many “Amens.”)

Husband, you have been a figure-head in your

home-life long enough; your wife has had the responsibility of the moral and spiritual welfare of the children, while you have been a sort of a star boarder, indifferent to the future welfare of yourself and the children, careless in character until the last vestige of dignity has forsaken your life and you are a fragment of a father in the true sense of the word. Father, take your boy by the hand and say: Son, I want you to follow me in the path of clean living; your mother has been alone on the way long enough; we have had a divided home long, far too long, son, let us catch step with your precious mother. ("Amens.")

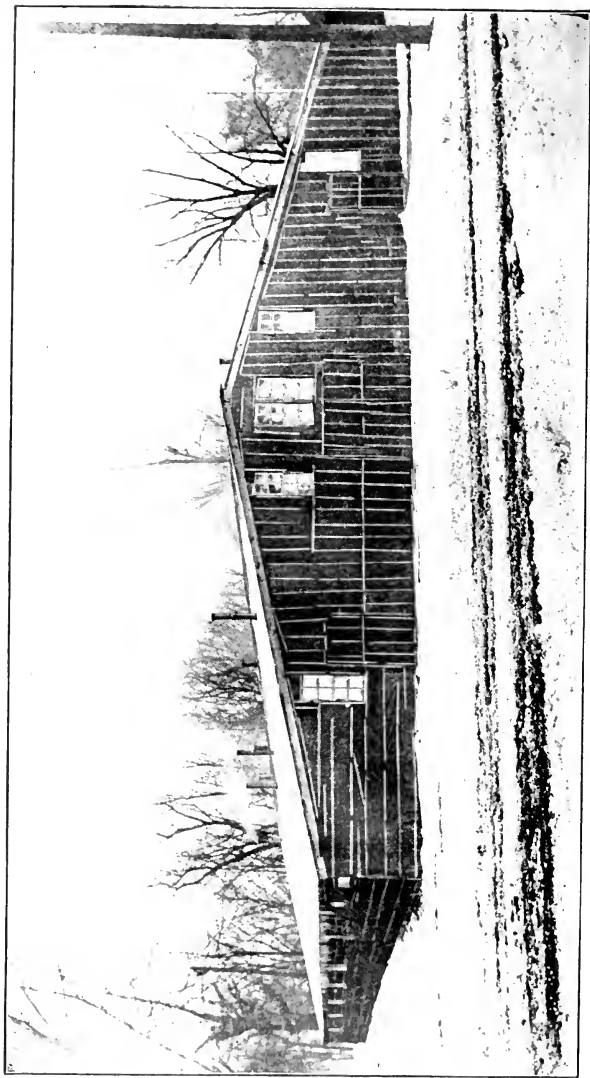
Some years ago a vessel left Hoboken piers, and headed for the open sea; they had passed Sandy Hook when the alarm was sounded, and, "Man overboard, man overboard!" was heard. They fired the life-line and it reached the mark, the man grasped the cord and hastily drew a larger and stronger line toward himself, and the men on the ship began drawing him to the ship. All was going well, when, to the consternation of all who saw the rash action, the man in the water coiled the cord in his hand, and with a combined stroke he threw the life-line toward the ship and went down. "A mad man," growled the men of the rescue contingent; "A fool," said another. They were all right in their statements,

for the man had escaped from an insane asylum and had carried the plan of self-destruction to a successful issue. Brethren and friends, I feel that in regard to salvation from hell some men and women in this city have had no better use of their faculties of reason than the poor demented wreck of the east. I have thrown out the life-line of eternal hope from this pulpit for weeks, and, thank God, hundreds have grasped it and are now safe aboard the old ship Zion, but there are thousands who have thrown the life-line back into the face of the Master, who stands here with the print of the nails in His hands, saying: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

I heard of a vessel in port, and a sailor was in the rigging, when a gale caught him off his guard and blew him, fortunately, over the deck into the water. The line was on the water when he came up and the old sailor made for the rope, and he grasped it with seemingly a vice-like hold, and the Captain anxious to test the muscle of his seaman, said in fun, "Boys, see what grip he has." They began drawing the sailor up the side of the ship, at last they reached out and caught his arms and helped him onto the deck, but the sailor lay as if dazed for a time holding fast to the life-line. The Captain said: "Man, you are safe, let the line go." But the sailor did

not answer. They applied restoratives, and then the men called out: "John, let go the line; you are safe on the ship." The old sailor's lips moved and he said: Captain, I c-a-n-t let 'er go, I g-r-i-p-p-e-d 'er for my life!" It was more than four hours before the ligaments and muscles relaxed sufficiently to allow him to let the line go, so tightly had he grasped it. Men, in God's name let me beseech you to grasp the life-line to-night, and GRIP it for your LIFE! ("Amens.")

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment."



The Tabernacle, North Topeka, Kansas.

V.

“YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER, AFTER—”

(As preached in Newton, Kansas, etc., etc.)

“I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He took little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.”

“I wish that His hands had been placed on my
head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said;
Let the little ones come unto me.”

The twelve disciples were the most fortunate of all men, to my way of thiking. Consider three years of constant companionship with Jesus Christ, from the marriage at Cana of Gallilee, and the miracle of turning water into wine, on to healing the lepers, feeding the multitudes, casting out devils, giving sight to the blind, blessing little children, raising the dead. What golden opportunities. Having been mostly taken from the seine and net with all of the roughness and crudeness of illiteracy and ignorance, their narrow conceptions of life with its grand ennobling

influences, with the stamp of the narrowness of the ecclesiastical bigotry of the age upon them—and to be placed in the school of real culture of soul and spirit, under the greatest Teacher of ethics (because He illustrated His doctrines by His life) ; how their visions expanded, their characters ripened, their tastes were refined, and with one exception they had the true interests of His Kingdom at heart, but they misunderstood His mission. His Kingdom to them was the restoration of temporal power to Israel, they thought, with the rest of the Jews that when the Messiah came the kingdom would be quickly restored to Israel, and as they knew Him to be the Messiah, they considered themselves the favored ones of the King, and that they would share in the glories of this Utopia which He would establish, but one day He scattered their air-castles, and dashed their false hopes to the ground, with these words :

"The Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of men :

"And they shall kill him, and the third day He shall be raised again."

"And they were exceeding sorry," is the description of their condition of heart. It was night with their souls, and, but for some dawn of hope the embers of faith would have burned out and impenetrable gloom would have settled down upon their benighted souls. Jesus' great heart

felt the weight upon the hearts of His disciples and He gave them a message of comfort. Hear it.

“If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.”

It is interesting to notice that even after the resurrection the disciples thought that the Kingdom was a temporal one, and that the mission of Christ was to establish the same. He had led them to Mount Olivet and given them the secret of God; that they should be expected to propagate the Gospel to the world through earnest discipleship, teaching all nations. But before they could go out with hopes of success, there was one thing necessary, and that resolved itself into the essential of life, namely: Power. They asked:

“Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?”

He answered:

“It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me. * * * (Do) not depart

from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

My brethren, I want to impress upon your hearts at this moment, the fact that Christ reserved His most important words until the last moment. He might have told His disciples how much He appreciated the fact of their loyalty and love, and how anxious He was for them to soon follow Him into His Kingdom and see the glory and honor He receives at the hand of the angels, but He wasted no words, He gave words that had Spirit and Life within them. "Ye shall receive Power."

"And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

His last words are for you as a Christian. He has touched the need of every man and woman who professes the Name of Christ, and, let me ask you this morning, Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed? If not, why have you refused Him admission into your heart? He knows where He is welcome, He knows the hunger of heart that desires Him more than all earthly gold or glory. Oh, that you knew Him as your Comforter, Teacher, Guide, bringing forth in your life His perfect fruit.

There are hindering elements in your life, if you have not received Him. It is the command of God that all be filled with the Spirit. It is as much of a sin for the professing Christian to refuse to be filled with the Spirit as it is for the sinner to lie, or steal, or break any other commandment of God. Paul said :

“Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.”

“But be filled with the Spirit.”

Grieving the Spirit by compromise of life, by love of the world, by failure to take up your cross daily and follow Christ, by indulging in the unclean amusements of the wicked, by denying your Lord :

“Nothing but leaves, the Spirit grieves,
O’er years of wasted life.”

No fruit in soul-winning. These barren fruitless lives in the Churches to-day, the pulpit gone a-whoring after popularity, preaching moral essays, or book reviews instead of the Gospel of Christ for lost humanity. O, God, make the ears of the guilty ones tingle with shame as they hear these words, and may their hearts bow in confession and repentance. Have you grieved the Holy Spirit?

Refusing to realize His personality is a sin against Him and a grief to Him. There are too

many people in our day who think of the Holy Spirit as some influence of the Bible, or some impersonal emanation from God. I have even heard of professing Christian preachers preaching against the personality of the Holy Ghost. Let me tell you a stern fact. The church that eliminates the personality of the Holy Ghost in its theology is no more a force for the salvation of the lost than a lodge, or an organization that denies the Divinity of Christ.

A preacherette in a Kentucky pulpit said that he did not believe in ghosts and so far as the Holy Ghost was concerned he did not believe that there was any such a person. The old darky janitor went up to him at the close of his solemn mockery and said: "My brudder, you ought to hab said dat dares no Holy Ghos' as you kno's of."

The unpardonable sin is the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. His personality is asserted in the New Testament scores of times. Christ taught His personality, Paul taught it, and so with all of the Apostles.

Has compromise kept Him from your life? I heard of one of the eminent pastors of Cincinnati who spoke in the meeting of the ministers of that city as follows: "Brethren, I have considered that there are some men who have a monopoly of God. I placed Paul, Luther, Calvin, Knox,

Wesley, Whitfield, Finney, Moody and many others in that charmed circle; but I was not there. I have thought it over and over and I have decided that there are no men who have a monopoly of God, but that there are men *of whom God has a monopoly!*" That is the secret of the Kingdom; have you learned it?

During a meeting in one of the large cities in the east a man asked the gentlemen who were conducting the meeting why he had never been able to win any of his Sabbath School class to Christ. One of the evangelists replied: "My brother, your life is wrong. No man can teach a class so long as you have taught that one, and fail to win them to Christ, if his life is right." The man turned deathly pale, and said: "May I see you gentlemen in your rooms?" They were soon in the rooms and he pulled from his pocket a bill-book and took out some money and handed it to one of the men, with the words: "Take this, I cannot keep it any longer." But the man replied: "I must know what it is before I can have anything to do with it." The man was much agitated, but he told his story; it was how he had as a bookkeeper found two hundred dollars on hand for which he could not account, and at the end of the month, when the trial balance was taken the money was still there, and something said: "Keep it." And for a great many years

he had carried that paltry two hundred dollars around, and it weighed more than a ton upon his conscience. He asked what he must do. The evangelist told him that he must return the money to the firm in Philadelphia and confess the wrong and make it right. But the man replied: "My position is worth \$10,000 per year to me, and they have never once suspected that I have been dishonest; I cannot return that money, I would lose my position." There are lots of men who care more for position in the business world than they care for eternal life. There are lots of women in our land who care more for a position in the damnable society whirl of our day than they care for salvation. The evangelist said: "It is a matter of confession and restitution, or a ruined soul on your part. You can never be right with God until you make that wrong right." The guilty man sat down and wept bitterly, but he finally arose and said: "Men, I'll take this back to Philadelphia and make it right, if it kills me." He went to that city, and into one of the leading business houses of that city, and to the private office of the owner, and he made his confession. The Christian business man placed his arm around the man and said: "Let us pray about it." They arose from prayer with tears streaming down their faces, and the Christian business man said: "Go back to Cincinnati, and

God's blessing go with you. I forgive you, and I know that God forgives you.” The next Sabbath that man sat before his great class of young men. He said: “Young men, I have not realized why I could not win you for Christ. I have been wrong in my life, but by God's help, I have made the wrong right, and now, I want you boys to give your hearts to Christ.” He won the entire class to the Son of God. It meant power when he had cleaned house, and the Spirit came into his life.

The Fulness of Power.

I want to emphasize three facts in regard to the baptism of the Holy Spirit. First, it means a fulness of power. I mean it literally. A fulness of power over sin.

“Sin shall not have dominion over you,” is the standard of the word of God.

“Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins.”

The Cross of Calvary is the place where sins are to be laid down. Do you see that reeling, staggering old drunkard? Jesus can save him *from* his whiskey. He can save the gambler to a life of honesty, *from* his cards and his vicious companions. He saves the liar *from* his untruthfulness, to a life of veracity. I read recently the experience of Mr. Hadley of New York, in regard to the untruth in which he had lived so long;

even deceived his wife. His story was, that he was made a cripple in the Civil war. After his conversion, his brother, H. H. Hadley, said to his wife: "If Sam is really converted, he will fix that lie he has told so long. He will have to tell his wife that he has deceived her." Not many days after that Mrs. S. H. Hadley told Mrs. H. H. Hadley that her husband had confessed to her that he had deceived her, regarding his being a cripple. Some time later Mr. Hadley stood on the street corner, and an old veteran came along and was talking to him, and incidentally asked how he became crippled. The habit of lying was so firmly rooted in his life, that before he had really thought, the old enemy crept out, and he said: "I was shot in the war." Just then the car came along and the veteran boarded it and was away. Mr. Hadley had but a moment's reflection, but he boarded the next car and soon stood in the office of the man, and although he was busy, Mr. Hadley said: "I was not shot in the war; I want to correct that misrepresentation." The victory was gained. He had nailed the lie to the Cross by confession, and no sin can ever live there.

The low standard of the average professing Christian life is an awful witness against Christ. Some of you folks are more afraid of holiness than you are of sin, and that is the trouble with

your religious life. The standard of a clean life is held by compromised and sinful people as being too high. They say: “We are poor worms of the dust, and of course we must sin; we can’t live without it.” Neither can the devil. A “poor worm of the dust” eh? The first thing you know the devil will take you and go a-fishing with you. (Laughter.) God’s word says: “Ye are kings and priests unto God.” “Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ.” And that we shall judge angels. I would God that I could stimulate a desire in all your hearts to reach out for the perfect image of Christ in your lives. If you are not trying to be saved *from* your sins, you are trying to be saved *in* your sins; and let me warn you, in the name of God; if you are not saved from sin in this life, you will not be saved from the consequences of sin in the Day of Judgment, do you hear that? But a Christian must sin, I have been told. Let me ask you some questions. Are you an honest man? “Yes,” you answer. But suppose I look dubious and say: “Now don’t you try to fool me, that is too high a standard. You have to steal occasionally, don’t you?” “You would reply: “If I steal at all I am no longer an honest man.” I ask another: “Are you a pure man?” He replies: “Yes.” And I laughingly say: “Come

away, man, your standard is too high. Don't you commit adultery occasionally?" He would reply: "No sir; and if I did I could not claim to be a pure man for a moment." Certainly, if you are pure you are not impure; if you are honest, you cannot be a thief; if you are a man you are not a woman; if you are an American you are not a Chinaman. You are one thing at a time. What is sin? The Bible answers:

"Sin is the transgression of the law."

"The plowing of the wicked is sin."

"Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

"To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

Temptation is not sin. "Crankification" says: "I can never be tempted." That is either the statement of a fanatic or a rascal. Christ was tempted in all points, like as we are, but He gained an eternal victory over the devil for His followers. The Spirit-filled man says: "Victory over sin, through Jesus Christ," and counts it all joy when he falls into divers temptations; knowing that the trial of his faith worketh patience; for he hears the Master say:

"Lo I am with thee alway, even unto the end."

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man, but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye

are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape; that ye may be able to bear it.”

The fulness of power causes you to reach the place in Christian experience, that before you will knowingly disgrace your Lord, or sell Him for the pleasures of the world, or fail to do the will of God, you will go down to death. That is the blessing of the fulness of the Holy Spirit in your life. The martyrs’ faces shone with His glory. Again, men of decency only lead pure, noble women to the marriage alter. Christ will have only a pure bride, without spot or wrinkle, at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

The Fulness of Peace.

This life is a stormy voyage at times. There are days when it seems that the sea of life will never grow calm; the clouds of distress are lowering, and the roar of the waves, the dashing spray, and the perils of the journey make the voyage one of constant danger. But no matter how the ocean is lashed by the storm. The typhoon may poke its horrid nose into the very sky, and black clouds may appear, and marshal their forces, and mighty streaks of electricity may cut fearful gashes in the condensing vapor and surging, seething maelstroms just ahead threaten to dash the ship to atoms; there is a calm place down in the heart of the great deep, never troubled by

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the storm. It is so with the fulness of peace, for in the midst of adversity and sorrow the heart can look up and sing :

Over my spirit,
In billows, boundless, glorious,
Comes a sweet peace, so silent, stealing,
Gently the songs from Mansions far come peal-
ing;
And fill my soul with peace, sweet peace.

Day-star of Glory,
O light the way before me,
And spring Thou up for grief and sighing,
Always abound, if not on Thee relying;
Oh, fill my soul with Thy sweet peace.

Narrow the pathway—
That with my Lord I'm walking,
Broad was the way, before He found me,
Sweetly and ever, I am filled with glory;
Full is my soul of Thy sweet peace.

Since in the sunlight—
Of His great love I'm living,
There comes to me a balm for sorrow;
No burdened hearts on that eternal morrow,
No sighs, no tears; but peace, sweet peace.

The Fulness of Love.

I am now speaking of the vital force of the Christian life. I find a great many most excellent people in despair and defeat of life contin-

ually because of a so-called ungovernable temper. I have had them say to me: "I have been praying for years that God will take away my temper." My good friend, you are praying a very foolish prayer. "I lose my temper, but I am all over it in a moment. I don't mean to hurt my friends," I have heard them say. A 13-inch gun is all over it in a minute, but it blows everything to atoms in front of it. There is a Divine philosophy to the temper question. I am not going to speak of theories that can be found in books, but I am going to tell of the great work which God has wrought in my life. If there was ever a man who had a bad, explosive temper, I am that man. ("Amen," said Prof. Oliver, who sat upon the platform.) The old gentleman knows that I speak the truth. (Laughter.) I would not give five cents a dozen for men and women who have no temper. Suppose I had a lot of wood to saw and I should take my fine saw to the blacksmith and ask him to remove the temper from the saw. He would consider me good timber for the insane asylum. Or should I ask him to remove the temper from my axe just before I go to chop in the forest, he would question my common sense, and so would you. Then don't ask the Lord to take your temper from you, my friend, for you would not be worth any more to the world without a temper than a saw with-

out temper would be to the man who saws. The question of victory over the temper is the question of the *pivot of your life*. Is self or Christ master of your life? If self is the master, your temper will move through that channel as the dynamics of damnation to your tranquillity and peace of soul, and you will be a bad neighbor, friend, husband, wife, brother, daughter, son, father or mother under the rule of that tyrant temper. But when you enthrone Christ in your heart, and by the Spirit's power you are crucified to the world, the self-life dead, and you can say with your lips and life:

"Not I, but Christ,
Be honored, loved, exalted,
Not I, but Christ,
Be seen, be known, be heard;
Not I, but Christ,
In every look and action,
Not I, but Christ,
In every thought and word."

You have not lost your temper, but Christ is the channel through which it operates, and the Holy Spirit sanctifies that energy of your life, and it becomes the dynamics of a life of enduring hardness as a good soldier of Christ, and will cause you to pray as energetically for your enemies as you formerly vilified them; the Spirit-controlled temper sends you into the presence of

thousands of wicked men or women to rebuke their sins, although you know that you are condemned by them, and considered their enemy so long as they are without God, and without hope in the world. It is the Spirit-controlled temper that helps the righteous to be bold as a lion. *Is Christ the pivot of your life?*

This fulness of love sends the child of God out into the highways and hedges to compel the lost to come into the Kingdom. It makes the Christian a soul-winner; going in the face of opposition to

“Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,
Weep o’er the erring ones, lift up the fallen;
Tell them of Jesus the Mighty to save.”

Off the coast of Scotland some years ago a ship was dismantled and was going to pieces on the rocks. The work of rescue had been progressing for hours, when a life-boat came in and reported that they had gotten all on the wreck but one almost lifeless seaman. A young man said: “You have not left a man to perish on the ship, have you?” They told him that he was so near dead that they thought he could hardly live to reach shore, besides the life-boat was crowded. The young man said: “I will go and save that man. Who will go with me?” The sea was

growing more angry every moment. The voice of many waters in fearful rage shook the courage of the weaker ones, and as they saw the ocean grow green and brown as it was lashed into waves of mountain height, and then the spray would dash into their faces; it seemed to challenge the courage of the bravest. The old captain said: "There, there, George, don't talk like that; a boat can't live in such a sea." The young man's mother came and with tears in her eyes said: "George, don't go. Your father went to sea ten years ago, and your brother John went to sea seven years ago, and they have never returned; you are all that I have left, you are my support; my son, don't go." The young man replied: "Mother, if you want to do anything for me, pray for me. I must go and save that man." So saying, he kissed his mother, and she fell upon her knees and prayed for her boy. They struggled against great odds in launching the boat; time after time it was hurled back against the beach by the angry waves. When finally they succeeded in launching it, a huge wave caught the boat and hurled it a quarter of a mile out of line with the wreck, and they went down in the trough of the sea, and the old captain said: "There they are gone." And the hearts on shore were filled with horror at the thought, but the old captain watched

closely and at last he cried out: “No, yonder they go, they are safe, they will reach the wreck.” They soon disappeared from view in the mist and spray. The people on the shore waited anxiously for tidings from the rescue party as well as the wreck; at last above the noise of the roar of the waves, a voice was heard. All gave most earnest and breathless attention. At first the words were not clear, but at last the boat was nearer and every word was clear, as George’s voice rang out: “Mother, it’s brother John, it’s brother John.” And when the life-boat pulled into shore, mother had two boys, instead of one. Oh, Church of Christ, go out to the rescue of the lost. Man the life-boat, manifest the fulness of love.

“Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.”

Get your hearts open to-day.

VI.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

“Because I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded :

“But ye have set at nought all my council, and would none of my reproof :

“I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh ;

“When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind ; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.

“Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer ; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me ;

“For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord ;

“They would none of my council : they despised all my reproof.

“Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices.”
Prov. i ; 24-31.

I have read some of the sternest words that can be found in the Bible. I will now read my text.

“Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin

and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.

“And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world; neither in the world to come.” Matt. 12; 31-32.

According to the Son of God there is a sin unto death; a sin that will *never* be forgiven, and the fault is not with God, as He is both willing and able to forgive sin. It is unpardonable because it cannot be forgiven so long as God regards His law, His word, His holiness and the sacrifice of His Son.

The text opens with the Sun of Righteousness flashing His glorious gospel of hope down to the very pit of despair. The shades of night are dispelled by His brightness, and the vultures of outer darkness flee before His shining face; and hell trembles as the patience, love and mercy of God are heralded abroad in this text. But it closes with the horrors of eternal doom proscribed. The text takes us back to the field of battle where Mercy won the fight and although sin and death and shame had blackened every family of the race, there was a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and for uncleanness; and to every child of sin, every son of

death besmirched and bespotted, scarlet handed with bloody sins to blight his hope and damn his soul, the word was given: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." Wonderful promises! Marvelous deliverance!

It is an easy thing at this point to prove that God has shown His willingness to lift the very blackest from the depths of sin. When Mr. Moody was preaching in Chicago several years ago, a man came to him for advice. He said: "Mr. Moody, I am the man who stole twenty thousand dollars from the — Express Company at Akron (Ohio) and I want to know what to do." Mr. Moody replied: "You will have to go back and confess your crime, and refund the money." The man said: "I have spent about eighteen hundred dollars of the money, and if I should return I would be sent to prison." The evangelist replied: "You can afford to go to prison after having made the wrong right, far better than you can afford to be lost because you fail to confess and forsake your sin." They prayed together and tears of penitence ran down the thief's face, and when they arose from prayer, he said: "Mr. Moody, I will go to Akron and make it right, no matter what the result may be;

pray for me." He was true to his promise and made his confession to the officials and restored the money with the exception of what he had spent, agreeing to make that good as soon as he could earn it. He appeared at the courtroom where he had been exonerated and told the judge on the bench that he was guilty, but the judge told him that there were no charges against him, therefore he was powerless to act in regard to the case. The man said: "Judge, I perjured myself in the trial." The court could act only as soon as proper legal steps had been taken, and he was sent to the state penitentiary and Mr. Moody received a letter from him some time later in which he said: "To-day the bars closed behind me, and I am here to serve my sentence; but for the first time in my life I am a free man." What did he mean? He meant that when the Son of God sets a man free he is free indeed, prison bars do not bind that liberated spirit, but it can soar on the wings of faith into the realms of eternal day and rejoice in the assurance of sins blotted out as with a cloud and remembered against him no more forever. All manner of sin, thank God, the blood of Christ can wash away.

I was in the midst of a remarkable after-meeting in one of our great Kansas revivals when about eight-five were kneeling in prayer offering themselves to Christ; and I noticed a young girl,

probably seventeen years of age, weeping and sobbing aloud. I stepped over to her and asked her to place her trust in the blessed Savior, and she looked into my face and said: "Mr. Oliver, I have been such a sinner, oh, such a sinner." I told her that Jesus came to save sinners, and I saw that she had a burden upon her poor heart, and was anxious to have definite counsel. I then asked her to tell me what was causing her so much anxiety of heart, and her story is the story of so many motherless girls in this world—the story of a broken heart, a wrecked virtue, and the despair of the heart was written upon her face, and I gave her the comforting promises of Christ; I told her that He had forgiven that sin whenever the guilty person would confess and forsake it. Just at that moment the musical director started very softly "Nearer, My God, To Thee," the poor sorrow-stricken child lifted her face, tears rolled down her cheeks, and with her eyes fixed above, her lips quivering and her voice trembling she began singing that precious old hymn, and as she sang—unconscious of any one earthly—she seemed to see Jesus only; and a light instantly lighted her face and a smile played upon her lips, and the lines of sin seemed to be banished as if my magic from her girlish face, and I watched in awe and reverence as my Lord and Saviour spoke peace to her troubled heart,

and cleansed her heart from all sin; and as she drew nigh to God, He had drawn nigh to her and it seemed to me that I witnessed the matchless power of Christ perform the miracle of transporting a soul from darkness into the marvelous light of His salvation. I felt that I was nearer Heaven than I had ever been before. All manner of sin—He will forgive. (“Thank God.”)

I stood upon the platform in a western city a few years ago, and I noticed a woman shaking with conviction not far away. I stepped down to her and said: “This is your time for decision.” She said nothing but moved very quickly to the front and kneeled in prayer immediately; when I returned I saw that she was in a very evident state of agitation; I asked her if she was able to express her hope in the Saviour, and she raised a face as complete in the expression of despair as one could imagine, and said: “No, and I fear that it is too late.” I have hope for a person who feels the positive need of forgiveness for sins. I told her that God is not willing that any should perish, and she looked up with a dazed kind of a look, and said: “You don’t know what I have done.” I assured her that while I knew nothing of her sins God had marked every sin, and understood her desire to be forgiven and was then ready to give her eternal life—she seemed more distressed than ever and seemed to carry a weight

that was crushing her very soul; I saw at last that if I was to help her I would have to know the secret of her heart, so I asked her what bound her in such a nightmare of torture. She said: "Can't you imagine?" I said: "No, I cannot." Then she looked all directions and turning to me she whispered hoarsely in my ear: "*I am a murderer!* I have killed three children. Do you think there is any hope for a woman like me?" I shuddered at her guilt and involuntarily stepped back, and then I saw her terror-stricken countenance as she watched me, seeming to hang her destiny on my words. I breathed a silent prayer—and clear as a flash came the thought "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." I thank God for a gospel of such power. The promises of God were seemingly devoured by that hungry soul, and her faith reached out of the darkness of her guilty soul and grasped the pierced palm and a flood of peace that no man can measure filled her soul. I watched her for two years and I believe that she grew in grace during that time. All manner of sin—let the truth get down into your heart now; for if you are guilty of the unpardonable sin it will be because you have refused the grace that covers all manner of sin. After I have described that sin, I will tell you why it cannot be forgiven.

To the self-righteous I want to speak a word of warning. You are the very kind that were warned in the language of my text. Not the thieves, the adulterers, the murderers, the publicans and sinners, but the high-class so-called moral men of His day. You feel secure in your hellward course because you are not of the type of degeneracy that cannot retain its self-respect and yet follow the devil. You murdered every opportunity which God gave you for repentance last year, and you are doing so to-night, and that resistance will damn any soul on earth. I will show you the philosophy of the unpardonable sin from the psychological view point; first with the scribes and Pharisees, and then with yourself.

Jesus came from the carpenter shop and at the Jordan after His baptism the Spirit came upon Him as a dove. He went to Cana to a marriage and turned water into wine. The miracle presented this logical question to the people assembled: "Is that evidence sufficient to prove that I am the Messiah?" Their answer was substantially: "No, away with Him." Men brought in a bed a man sick of palsy and let him down through the roof the house and Jesus said: "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee. Arise and take up thy couch and go into thine house." The scribes and Pharisees said: "Who is this that speaketh *blasphemies?*" The miracle pressed the question

of His Divinity upon them, but they repeated their first answer to that question: "No, away with Him." At the gate of the City of Nain life and death met. Jesus said to the young man: "I say unto thee, arise!" Instantly the flush of blood was seen in the cheeks of that youth, and his mother's sorrow was turned to joy; but the same momentous question came up for settlement, and they said: "Away with Him." It was a blind man by the wayside as Jesus and the throng were passing who cried out: "Jesus, Thou son of David, have mercy upon me." And Jesus had mercy on him and said: "Receive thy sight, thy faith hath saved thee." And with that miracle that awful question was up for settlement again. And the answer was: "Away, away, you have a devil."

"Then was brought unto him one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb: and He healed him, insomuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw."

The question was asked again.

"But when the Pharisees heard it they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub the prince of devils."

The devils cried out: "Thou art the Son of God." But the Pharisees refused the testimony of men, devils and God. Jesus stood at the sepulchre of Lazarus and cried with a loud voice:

“Lazarus, come forth!” And instantly the iron bands of death were broken, and the cold grave gave up its dead, and Lazarus—a monument of the power of God—stood alive and well, while the laws of decomposition of tissue were reversed as an engineer reverses the course of an engine; but that fearful question came again to them. Then the chief priests and the Pharisees gathered a council and said: “What do we? for this man *doeth many* miracles. (Not a few, but *many*.) If we let Him thus alone, all men will believe on Him: and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation.” Caiaphas the high priest said: “Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people.” “Then from that day forth they took counsel together for to put Him to death.” Their answer which had been shaping itself had at last assumed the awful form of murder in their hearts. The very shadow of death was upon Him. I stood in Manchester, England, and looked upon Holman Hunt’s masterpiece, “In the Shadow of Death.” Christ was in the shop, His feet were almost buried in shavings, and as he stretched His arms full length the sun cast the shadow of a cross upon the floor, and I said as I saw it: A significant conception of His life, for this shadow was upon Him from

the time Herod heard of His birth until He went to Calvary.

I need not mention the other miracles. I have cited enough to convey the truth of the assertion that no matter what evidence God presented to them they flatly refused to accept Christ as the Son of God. God performs no greater miracles than the ones I have mentioned. Creating a world is no greater than raising the dead, or giving sight to the blind, or feeding the multitudes with the few loaves and fishes, for into that miracle was the work of a season of ripening the grain, the harvesting, the threshing, the grinding and the baking, besides the fishing and cooking of the fish all compacted and concentrated. At last the infamous Judas sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver and He was in the hands of the ones who had constantly rejected Him, and they hated Him without a cause. After the crown of thorns, after the beating, after the scarlet robe, after the false accusations, after the dream of Pilate's wife, He was ushered into the presence of Pontius Pilate, and he put to them the same vital question, comprehensive and final: "What will ye then that I shall do unto Him whom ye call the King of the Jews?" Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus?" They said, "Barabbas." Now Barabbas was a robber. Pilate had been warned by his wife, and he asked

again: "What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?" Then they all said: "Let Him be crucified. His blood be on us, and on our children." That was the final culmination of the constant rejection of Jesus Christ. That was and is the unpardonable sin; and any man, woman or child who is saying "Away with Him" is committing that sin. May God help you who are on the border line to halt to-night. (Amens.)

I have shown you how the Pharisees committed that sin. I will carefully show you the danger in which you unsaved are now living. God has called you by word and song and sermon and by His Spirit and you have made some kind of a reply to the question. Psychology teaches us that the conscious and subconscious minds govern our lives. To illustrate: The question came to you years ago: "What will you do with Jesus which is called Christ? Will you receive Him *now* as your Savior?" That was the first call, and you considered the question and finally came to a definite conclusion, and in the plastic brain cells that decision was registered, and it was "NO, I will not receive Him!" Since that time the call has come often, and the first thought upon the subject *necessarily* is the one registered in the plastic brain cells, and that is the awful decision, NO! Time has burned that decision deeper into your nature, and now it is simply a

matter of force of habit. Character is the will in action, and you have willed to say NO. Every fibre of encephalon, every corpuscle of blood unites in that awful decision and they hurl NO back into the face of Christ as He stands at your heart's door pleading. Age fossilizes and hardens that life until it seems that God is unable to soften the hardened heart of the sinful in old age. In fact there are very few of the aged sinners converted. To neglect God in the days of the youth is the most hazardous thing that a man can ever do. Nineteen-twentieths of all the people converted in America were converted before their twenty-fifth year. I will illustrate this statement with a positive proof from this audience. I want every Christian in this tabernacle to please arise. (The Christians arose, about fifteen hundred in number.) I want all who were converted before their twenty-fifth year to be seated. (There were probably seventy-five left standing.) I want all who were converted before their thirty-fifth year to be seated. (Half of the remainder sat down.) Let all who were converted before their forty-fifth year sit down. (About ten remained standing.) Now, you who were converted between forty-five and fifty-five may sit down. (Three remained standing.) Before sixty-five: (Only one remained.) Between sixty-five and seventy-five. (The man was seated.) Now, you have

living witnesses to the fact that few, very few are converted after old age is upon them. The reason is obvious because more than half of the people born into this world die before they reach five years of age; and a large percent of the remaining ones die before they reach seventeen; and the average length of the human life is, in Christian lands, only thirty-eight years, and in heathen lands only twenty-eight years—with a mean average of only thirty-three years. But what does that prove? some one may ask. I will tell you what it proves. It means that if you are here to-night, twenty-five years of age, and unconverted, the chances against you ever becoming so are as ten thousand to one. If you are thirty-five and unconverted, the chances against your ever becoming so are as fifty thousand to one. If you are forty-five and unsaved, the figures leap to the alarming proportions—two hundred thousand to one against you. If you are fifty-five and still out of the Kingdom your chances are as three hundred thousand to one against you. At sixty-five you simply stand one chance in five hundred thousand. At seventy-five you have one chance in seven hundred and fifty thousand. And from that time on the spark of hope has burned so low that only the keen eye of faith can behold it. I am not presuming that God will not have mercy upon any, but that

the character is so absolutely fixed when the years which I have mentioned are upon the individuals in question that disease or sudden death sweeps them into eternity before they will turn. (A tremendous sensation evident throughout the entire audience. Hundreds leaning forward.) I do not believe that one man in a million who reaches the age of eighty-five ever changes his mode of living, morally or religiously. I am in perfect harmony with science. I am told that only three out of every one hundred thousand reach the age of one hundred. Oh, God, help the unsaved to *think* and *act* to-night! (Amens from all parts of the building.)

“Sinners, perhaps this news, to you,
May have no weight, although so true;
The carnal pleasures of the earth
Cast off the thoughts and fears of death;
’Tis awful, awful, awful!

“The laughing youth, all in their prime,
Are counting out their length of time;
They often say ’tis their intent,
When they get *old* they will repent;
’Tis awful, awful, awful!

“The aged sinner will not turn,
His heart so hard he cannot mourn;
Much harder than a flinty rock,
He WILL NOT TURN, though Jesus knock;
’Tis awful, awful, awful!

"Then, parents, take a solemn view,
 Of your dear children, fond and true;
 Methinks you'll hear your children say:
 'I never heard my parents pray;'
 'Twill be awful, awful, awful!"

"Good Lord, what groans, what bitter sighs,
 What thunder rolling through the skies;
 Poor sinners sink to dark despair,
 While saints go shouting through the air:
 'Tis awful, awful, awful!"

"The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost," what is it? The Holy Ghost was sent into the world to convict the world of sin. "Of sin because they believe not on me," said Christ. He comes to the sinner with my message to-night and convicts him of his need of Christ as his Savior. He is the only representative of the Trinity convicting the sinner of his need of a new life. But men refuse to be turned by His pleadings. God's word says:

"But they refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears, that they should not hear.

"Yea, they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in His Spirit."

My brethren, that is what men are doing now—entering a compact with hell that they will not

turn from sin. Saying no to the Spirit of God! My brother, stop that crime against your soul now.

I heard of a man in Scotland who made his living by securing the eggs of eagles and the birds themselves. He would fasten a rope to a tree and let himself down over a cliff after locating a nest, and secure his prize. One day he swung out over a precipice and began making his way down the stone wall, and finally he reached a place where the ledge of rock projected, making an ideal covering for an eagle's nest. He finally got a glimpse under the ledge and saw a great eagle upon her nest. He had one foot caught in a loop of the rope and stood with the other foot upon a small foot-hold on the ledge. The eagle no sooner saw her enemy than she sprang at him in defense of her young; he drew his knife quickly from his belt, and as the angry bird came at him, he struck at her, but the exertion threw him from his position and his knife struck the rope and he saw a strand of the rope quickly unwind, as his weight was sufficient to bring that about. He regained his equilibrium and the bird made a second dash at him, and he struck again at her and cut another strand of the rope. The rope quickly unwound another strand and as he saw his hope for escape almost cut off, he threw the knife and with great danger to him-

self made a successful effort to reach the rope above the places cut and weakened. Then, hand over hand, he climbed back to a place of safety, but he was a shattered man, after his harrowing experience. Every cut in that rope made his escape the more doubtful. Hear me tonight! The Holy Ghost is in a sense that rope let down from Heaven to rescue men, and every NO on your part cuts a strand in the rope and your hopes for salvation diminish proportionately to your resistance against the Spirit of God. God said: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." In other words, there will come a time when that No will be a final decision, and God's Spirit will take you at your word and will cease His calling, His pleading, His entreaty, and you will be a sinner let alone—and when you reach that condition there are not angels enough in Heaven, nor men enough on earth, nor prayers enough from wife or mother to save you. You are DOOMED when that point is reached.

THE CALL.

"O slumberer, rouse thee! despise not the truth,
But give thy Creator the days of thy youth;
Why standest here idle? the day breaketh, see!
The Lord of the vineyard is waiting for thee!

"O loiterer, speed thee! the morn wears apace;
Then, squander no longer the moments of grace;

But haste while there's time! with the Master
 agree:
 The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee!

"O sinner, arouse thee! thy morning is past;
 Already the shadows are lengthening fast;
 Escape for thy life! from the dark mountains
 flee;
 The Lord of the vineyard still waiteth for thee!"

THE RESPONSE.

"Holy Spirit, by Thy power,
 Grant me yet another hour;
 Earthly pleasures I would prove,
 Earthly joys, and earthly love;
 Scarcely yet hath dawned the day;
 Holy Spirit, wait, I pray!

"Gentle Spirit, stay, oh, stay!
 Brightly beams the earthly day;
 Let me linger in these bowers,
 God shall have my noonday hours;
 Chide me not for my delay;
 Gentle Spirit, wait, I pray!

"Spirit, cease Thy mournful lay,
 Leave me to myself, I pray;
 Earth hath flung her spell around me,
 Pleasure's silken chain hath bound me;
 When the sun his path has trod,
 Spirit, then I'll turn to God!"

LAST RESPONSE.

"Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's solemn toll!

'Tis mournfully pealing the knell of a soul;
The Spirit's sweet pleadings and strivings are o'er;

The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more!"

"My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

I think I have seen men who have committed that sin. It is my honest opinion that seventy-five per cent of the whiskey vendors of this country have committed that sin. I was preaching on the Pacific coast a few years ago, and in the midst of the service a man screamed out: "Mr. Oliver, come here and talk to my son." I stepped over to the place where the men were engaged in conversation and asked the old gentleman what he wanted. He had not seen me approach, and when I spoke he ceased speaking to his son and said in frantic tones: "My boy says he has committed the unpardonable sin." I ordinarily do not take much stock in that kind of a statement, but after dealing with him for a long time, searching him with all manner of questions, I found him as dead and immovable as stone and I left him, convinced that he was a doomed soul.

Some people have said that the unpardonable sin could only have been committed by the ones

who heard Jesus and saw His miracles. Let me tell you a fact: Jesus Christ is as powerfully presented to your life now by the Holy Ghost as He ever was in the time when He was here among men. The same condition of heart that led the compromised and sinful men of His day to reject Him causes you to reject Him at this moment. Another has said that the unpardonable sin is murder; but I have shown you that such is not the case, for murder has been forgiven and will be forgiven if men will repent of that sin. Another has said that suicide is the unpardonable sin. While I believe that suicide is *an* unpardonable sin, I do not believe it to be *the* unpardonable sin. While I was preaching in a western city I noticed a man come forward and give me his hand during the after-meeting. He was a picture of degraded manhood that night. After we had prayed for the people who had come to make a public decision for Christ he came up to me and said: "Mr. Oliver, don't you remember me?" I looked him over again, and I said: "There is something familiar about your face, it seems to me." He said: "I met you in the editorial rooms of the Salt Lake Herald during your meetings in that city. In fact, I reported your meeting one night for that paper." I replied: "I remember you, now." He said: "Did you read in the papers about ten days ago about a reporter

who attempted suicide, and was saved by the physician, who pumped the poison from his stomach?" I told him that I read that article. He said: "Well, I am that man, and I thank God to-night that I was defeated in that awful crime against my soul." I looked into the face of a man who was guilty of his own blood—who had taken his own life, to all intents and purposes, *but whom God had saved*. I could engage you longer in the discussion of the theories extant regarding this sin, but after I had discussed them all I would have to return to the question of your individual acceptance or rejection of Christ as the vital issue.

Again, it is strange how after years of apparently never a call from the Spirit a man may feel the strange power of the call. I mentioned Mrs. Robinson one night in a sermon, and during the after-meeting I saw a man literally run to the front, weeping as he ran, and I had to help him to a seat when he reached the front. After one hundred and fifteen souls stood that night and professed to receive Christ, that man came to me and said: "Something you said to-night reminded me of the past. Twenty-three years ago I heard Mrs. Robinson preach and it seemed to me that I must settle the question, but I refused, and from that time to this I have never had the slightest desire to be saved, but during your ser-

mon (and it was this sermon) I felt that if I did not settle the question now I will never have another opportunity."

Some one may ask, "Do you think that men know that they are committing the unpardonable sin, and reject Christ because they do not want to quit sin?" I am certain that men reject Christ as methodically and as firmly as they decide to go to business. Men die with the stamp of their rejection upon them, bitter or utterly careless to the end.

Another may ask: "Is there any visible sign manifested in the life of the one who has committed the unpardonable sin?" I am sure that such is the case. I have studied this question carefully for several years. I have read everything that I can find on the subject, and have heard the best preachers of the land preach upon the unpardonable sin, and I believe that the consensus of opinion is, that two conditions of life indicate the fact of the sin in question having been committed. In the first place, bitterness of spirit towards anything Christian. A hatred for the church, a hatred for the Bible, a hatred for the Son of God. Vituperation and anathemas, the malignant and bitter spirit evidenced when you mention Christ to such an one. To illustrate this condition of heart: The committee in one of the meetings some time ago went to a business

man in a certain city and requested him to close his place of business for the services on the day of fasting and prayer, but he said: "No, sir; I will do nothing of the kind. I have no use for that business, and if Jesus Christ should enter that door at this time and I knew it were He, I would spit in His face." My brethren, hear me! There are men in this city to-night who would crucify Jesus Christ if they had the same chance that his murderers had. The unpardonable sin causes murder to mount the citadel of the life and the gall of bitterness possesses that heart. But Paul has expressed another sign, and that is: "Past feeling." Absolute unconcern; steel-cold indifference. Dr. Alexander has described this condition of heart in verse far better than I could in any way, so I will take the liberty to quote him:

"There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
It is the boundary between—
God's patience and His wrath.

"To cross that limit is to die,
To die, as if by stealth;
It may not dim the eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

"Conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay,

That which pleases, still may please,
And care be thrown away.

"But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man, as yet—
Is blind and in the dark.

"Indeed, the doomed one's path below,
May bloom as Eden's bloom;
He *does not*, WILL NOT know nor feel—
THAT HE IS DOOMED!"

It is a remarkable thing how men can go on in sin—without hope of forgiveness, corrupt and rotten in heart, and die like dogs or brutes, without concern, and yet they die that way.

A friend of mine in the ministry told me that he saw a man of his acquaintance fall under a moving train and both legs were cut off near the hips before they got the train stopped. He was taken to his home immediately, and the preacher accompanied him. He was openly a wicked man, and when my friend asked him if he had any desire to get ready to die, he replied: "No, Charlie, I have long ago passed the place where I might expect to prepare to meet God." Then, turning to his wife, he said: "Bring the children up right. Don't let them go as I have. Good bye." And in a few moments he was dead; and he had died as he had lived—unconcerned to the end.

A pastor in an eastern city was called upon to read the funeral service of his church over one of the best women of his vast membership. They had telegraphed for the prodigal son of the home to come at once, but the telegram was late in reaching him, and he was two days too late to see his mother alive, for he reached Philadelphia the day of the funeral. The funeral sermon was over, and the friends passed by in solemn procession and viewed the remains; and when they had passed out the immediate relatives came for their last look at the one so dear to their hearts. The husband and three children were there to mourn her loss. Her husband stepped up and looked upon her calm, cold face and with tears streaming down his cheeks he paid a simple tribute to his departed companion; and then his daughter came closer, and the poor girl wept bitterly as the sad truth dawned upon her that home could never be the same again (for it never is the same after mother goes to her long resting place), and while her heart was heavy there was a look of triumph in her sweet, pure face, for she looked beyond the sunset's radiant glow and saw the happy meeting time of loved ones, and stepping aside her Christian brother drew near and looked sorrowfully, yet lovingly upon his mother's dear face, and the heaviness of heart that only a motherless boy can know was written upon his

earnest face. He wept as he said: "Good bye, mother." The prodigal son then drew nigh, and for the first time in years looked upon his mother's face. At first his face was cold and his expression seemingly heartless, and he stood motionless for a few moments; then, literally throwing himself upon the coffin, he wept aloud, and his grief knew no bounds. He began moaning so loudly that the building seemed to reverberate with his wail. He sobbed on, increasing in his agony of heart until the situation was exceedingly painful, and his sister, touching him upon the shoulder, said: "Brother, don't take it so hard. You know we will all see mother again." The pastor said: "He raised the saddest face I have ever looked upon, and said: 'Sister, I believe that you and father and brother will see mother again, *but I never expect to see her again, for I AM NOT GOING THAT WAY.*'" Three days later they found that young man dead in the streets of Philadelphia—he had died as he had lived.

You see that this sin assumes definite shape and devilish form. Why can it not be forgiven? I will tell you, by using an imaginary case. You remember when Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt, that the last plague was the destruction of the first born in every Egyptian home—in fact, in every home which would not comply

with the demands of God, namely: placing the blood of a lamb on the two side posts and on the upper door post of the houses. That was the way of salvation from the fury of the destroying angel. God said: "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where you are, and when I see the *blood*, I will pass over you." That was God's ultimatum to the people. Imagine, if you can, a man who declared that he would not place blood upon the door posts of his house, that he would meet God and plead his own case before Him; but upon the night appointed the Lord, with all His brightness, descended, and as He drew His sword upon the first born of that home the man cried out: "Oh, God, spare my eldest, my precious child, spare him!" God answered all such with the keen edge of His sword, substantially saying: "Your sin is unpardonable! You have rejected the only plan of deliverance." And to you who finally reject the Spirit's call the last time, your sin is unpardonable for you have rejected the only sacrifice for sin, the only way of escape.

I have two closing remarks to make. First, if you feel down in your heart a longing for pardon and salvation, it is evident that you are within the pale of mercy yet. In the second place; if you have such an inclination, remember that you have murdered a thousand golden opportunities,

and that you have often grieved the Holy Ghost by your indifference to His pleadings, and *this may be the LAST CALL OF THE SPIRIT*. In the name of Christ let me beseech you now to heed the call, encourage the desire; I feel sure that this is the last call for some.

Let us pray.

(After the prayer the invitation was given to the unsaved to come to the front and occupy seats, if they had decided to accept Christ as their Savior. The scene which followed was described as the greatest religious demonstration in the history of Kansas. One hundred and twenty-seven came as a result of the faithful work during the after-meeting, which lasted until half past twelve o'clock. Ninety men were converted among the number; the rest were women. Reported as preached (with slight changes) in Holton, Kansas, in the Union Revival Meeting—1901.)

The effect of this message may be regarded as phenomenal, for the largest results have always followed it.

In Marion, Kansas, 103 professed conversion the night it was preached. In Peabody, Kansas, the result was 85 conversions.

In Florence, Kansas, the result was 103 conversions.

In Council Grove, Kansas, the result was 115 conversions.

In Garden City, Kansas, the result was 115 conversions.

In the wild, hard western towns and cities from 40 to 75 is the average number.

VII.

FORGIVENESS.

(As preached in Juneau, Alaska, in the Oliver Union Meetings.)

Text: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The Orient sun has set upon many an innovation. We owe a debt to that strange land for much of the benefits of life along the lines of art, literature and culture; but especially for the religion of Jesus Christ. The Jews were loyal to the traditions of the elders, and the forms of a religious life. They were very kind to their friends and neighbors, but no people have ever been more bitter toward their enemies. The law that read, "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe," was perfectly satisfactory to them. They had been going along at the pace of loving their neighbors and hating their enemies, until, a great way down in the heart of the forms of their ecclesiastical bigotry



Juneau, Alaska. The Scene of Some of Mr. Oliver's Pioneer Evangelism.

the idea was rooted and grounded, that the imprecatory prayer was to be used whenever a man had a grievance against any. Malice was master, anger was unbridled and ran rampant throughout the domains of the social, private and public life; until it was honeycombed with hate, animosity and murder. Christ came and found these deadening elements at work, and the entire nation in the bondage of this devilish blighter of souls, and to the men who loved to pray long prayers on the street corners, and in the synagogues, that they may be seen of men, He said: "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." "And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any; that your Father also which is in Heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in Heaven forgive your trespasses." It was like a bomb thrown into camp. The monster hate was harpooned, malice was given a death-blow, and forgiveness was pronounced the living witness of God, destined to live eternally in the hearts of the children of God. ("Amens.")

In the light of my text you are no more right with God, than you are right with your fellow men. If you are at variance with them you are at

variance with God, "for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" You must forgive, if you expect forgiveness from God. Church member with a quarrel against any, think now what that means. It means forgiveness or hell. Oh, the homes, churches and cities torn asunder by this horrid demon reigning in them; until feuds make beasts and assassins out of men, and the church or home or city thus poisoned becomes a cesspool of death to love, peace and happiness.

The most miserable wretch in this world is the one who is carrying a grudge in his heart against a fellow man. It blots the sunshine from the face, and clouds of darkest passions assemble their inglorious hosts and play havoc with the faculties of that miserable life. The older the grudge grows the stronger it grows, and it is nursed to keep it warm, and as it develops, the soul withers, the manhood and character dwarfs and dies until at the last that life goes out as a candle having been burned at both ends. The canker of the soul will sooner or later become the death of the body; for, "as a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." You owe it to your future that you think thoughts that will assist nature in making the best health for your body. Right here let me say to the wag that declares the Bible to be unscientific, that there never has been a greater

truth demonstrated by science than the fact that the loveless life is the wretched, valueless life. It was a matter of wonderment to the medical fraternity for years, why the milk from the mother, when swayed and controlled by the lusts of hate and malice would throw the infant into convulsions. I had a lady tell me that she became angry at her husband once while nursing her babe and the child was made very ill. The age of chemical analysis was a great day for this world. By that method of investigation they have found that the milk at such a time contains poisonous ingredients; while the milk, when love sways the heart of the mother, contains an equal proportion of health and life-giving ingredients. In plain words, LOVE IS LIFE AND HATE IS DEATH! And it is a demonstration, not a theory. (Amens.)

Tradition tells us that the Apostle John in his declining years would stand with the brethren and give them some words of advice, and would invariably close with these words: "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God." They asked him why he oft repeated those words, and he replied: "God is love, and if we love one another we have God dwelling in us." Mighty God, get that great truth into every heart in this audience.

There is no telling where this spirit of malice

and hate will end. I heard of a couple of neighbors down in Tennessee who had quarreled, and when one would get his daughter a ten dollar dress the neighbor would call it spite, and get his girl a fifteen dollar dress; and so on, throughout everything on the farm. Finally, one of the old scamps was taken very ill, and the whole neighborhood came in to sit up with him. His neighbor heard of it and he quickly branded it "spite-work." And when at last his boys told him that the sick man was dead, the old man grew pale with rage and said: "Now, I know it was spite all along; he wants to have the sympathy of this whole settlement, and he shall not have it." So he grew sick, and the friends came in loyally and watched with him, and when his boys reported that they had buried the neighbor as near to their land as they could get him, the old man grew frantic and deplored the day in which his neighbor was born. At last the boys came in and told their father that a tombstone was at the head of the newly-made grave, and that it had an epitaph upon it, and that it was: "Here I lie as snug as a bug in a rug." The sick man almost perished with rage, but finally managed to plan his future actions. At last he died, and they buried him as close to his neighbor as they could get him, and when the tombstone was placed, his epitaph was: "Here I lie, snuggler'n

that other old bugger." (Laughter.) Friends, the principle is there.

There is no stronger evidence of a man's conversion than the fact of the spirit of forgiveness being manifested within him. The natural man has the "eye for eye" spirit, he is jammed full of it. I heard of a little boy in Iowa whom they called "Scrapper Bill." He would fight a wild-cat, if he had a chance. His Sabbath-School teacher had spent a long time in elucidating the verse: "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other." When she had concluded she asked the boys what they would do in such a case, and she had received encouraging answers, and she finally asked the boy mentioned: "Willie, what would you do if one should smite you on one cheek?" Scrapper Bill's eyes sparkled and he clenched his little fist and said: "I bet I'd paste him one." (Laughter.) That is the spirit of human nature. You can see it in the aisles of the church when some fussy neighbors meet, one becomes a geologist and the other an astronomer; yet they sing: "Glory to God, I'm on my journey home." Do you expect God to build a high board fence between your mansions in Heaven? Let me give you a pointer; if your heart does not take in the whole world, you have not taken Christ into your heart. His heart takes in all—enemies and friends. But

some one says: "You don't know what she said about me, she lied about me." Are you certain it was a lie? You act very much like it is a true lie. A lie cannot do a clean life any permanent injury. Truth is the thing that cuts the vitals out of a man. I preached on the Ten Commandments the other night, and there is not an old adulterer in town but who is storming and exploding around. Your business is to keep clean and right in the sight of God and you can trust your reputation to Him. He said: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you *falsely*, for my sake. REJOICE AND BE EXCEEDING GLAD, for great is your reward in Heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Do you hear that? He did not say for you to act like a little school girl and make faces at some one who speaks evil of you. I will admit that there are some cases that are trying. There are some gossipers in every community who become the sewerage system of the city—pour anything nasty or evil about any one into their ears and it will run straight out at their mouth. Oh, these folks always looking for "the latest" in the community, and if there is no "latest" they can hatch up one that would blacken the reputation of an angel; these folks so narrow between the eyes that they can look through a

keyhole with both eyes at the same time and see more than the average person can through a barn door—so narrow that they could sleep in a crack in the floor and never remove their clothes. (Laughter and applause.)

I heard of one some time ago. She went down to the paper office and was talking for a while and accidentally got against some wrapper that had some mucilage on it, and it stuck across her back. Of course, she knew nothing about it; and as she went down the street the people who saw the inscription thought it so appropriate that they simply laughed and passed on, much to the discomfort of the character grinder. Finally she reached home and backed up in front of her husband and said: "People seemed to be having a great deal of fun at my expense as I came home this morning; is there anything on my back that should not be there?" Her husband read the big, black letters, "DAILY NEWS," and said "No'm, there is nothing there that does not belong there." (Applause and laughter.) Say, if you have been running a daily edition, cut it down to a quarterly, at least; and get the sanitary condition of your mouth regulated before the next edition occurs. ("Amens" from preachers.)

Brethren, you will never have a revival in this city or in any city until the people get the gospel of *love* imbedded into their hearts and they learn

to love their neighbors, and have the spirit of forgiveness in conquering power upon them. The Holy Spirit cannot bless such Godless lives until they repent and get right with their enemies. I was preaching in a western state some time ago and a lady came to me and said: "Do you mean that we must forgive everybody?" I said: "God has not made a single exception; you must forgive *all*." She wept as she replied: "Mr. Oliver, how can I forgive *the man who murdered my son?*" I said: "Let me ask you some questions. Was the murderer drunk or sober?" She replied: "He was drunk." I told her that God was not in the crime, that God's Spirit had not prompted the act, and that it was not hard to state who did instigate the man to kill; that the devil was in control of that murderer's heart, and that had he been in God's hands he would never have committed the crime, and the only Christian thing to do in any case of a wrong done is to realize that we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers of the darkness of this world. Crime and sin are of devilish origin, and the sinner is in awful bondage to a common enemy of the human race, and if he can damn a soul by causing him to murder, and damn another by causing her to hold a grudge against a poor devil-possession creature, the devil will hold high jubilee over the work of his infernal

ingenuity. She looked at me with a new light in her face, and she said: "I never saw it that way before." I added the way of complete escape from the power of hate, and I will tell you what it is. It is to pray for your enemy, the one who has done you the greatest personal injury; realizing that he has a soul worth as much in the sight of God as your soul, and Christ died to save him just the same as He died to save you, and God is anxious for that sin-blighted soul to be set at liberty. Did you ever sing,

"Makes me love everybody,
Makes me love everybody,
Makes me love everybody;
And it's good enough for me."

That is the Old Time Religion in reality. Now, get that into your lives instead of that hollow mockery, that caricature of Christianity, that form-without-power, unforgiving, soul-blighting, eternally damning profession of yours. (Amen.)

I have spoken with people seeking Christ and have noticed that they seemingly could not find peace. I have asked if there is any unforgiving spirit within them, and some have wept when I asked them, and some have grown hard and said: "Don't ask me to forgive that man. I'll never forgive him." You will forgive before you are ever forgiven, and if you allow that unforgiving

spirit to enter your life the forgiveness which you once enjoyed is cancelled. Do you remember the unforgiving servant who had been forgiven much? He and his wife and children were about to be sold, and the owner's heart was moved, and he had compassion on him and forgave him the debt, and when the forgiven servant went out into the yard, he met some fellow-servant who owed him an hundred pence, and he thought that he had such a "stand in" with the owner of the estate that he could force the issue, so he said: "Pay me that thou owest." And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying: "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." And he would not, but went and cast him into prison till he should pay the debt. Then the fellow-servants heard of the evil thing that he did and they reported the matter to their lord, and he sent for the servant and said unto him: "O thou wicked servant. I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desirest me. Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormenters till he should pay all that was due unto him.

"So, likewise, shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

I met a pastor in an Alaskan city who had been pastor in an Arizona city some years before, and he spoke of a feud that had existed in the church for years, but that for four years, while he was pastor, he had never said anything to arouse the people along the line of forgiveness, and the feud was not brought up. Of course the people came to church, and of course they did not speak to each other in the aisles as they met, and he had concluded his work, which was perfectly satisfactory to himself, and had built four years on a smoking, smouldering volcano, and when his successor came he tried to have a *spiritual* church, and began to preach on brotherly love; but brotherly hate walked out and with drawn sword it pierced the vitals of that church and it bled and died, and the pastor saw his flock divided and the usual ungodly church split occurred and the devil held high carnival in hell. I felt like calling that preacher who had preached for four years in that pulpit and helped to deaden the consciences of the people by refraining from preaching the Gospel, an arrant hypocrite and a disgrace to the ministry, but he was a sick man, and I used milder words. Brethren of the ministry, the Spirit of God cannot bless a church of that kind, nor a preacher of that kind. ("Amen," from the preachers.) Now let us hear more Amens from the laymen. (Laughter.)

Do you know what reconciliation means? That is one of the sweetest words in the human vocabulary. Reconciliation means the cessation of hostilities, the end of strife, the dawn of peace. Strife in the home is deadly, in the nation ruinous, and under conditions of strife peace is cheap at any price.

There was a time when lavic fires ran hissing through the bowels of the earth, and touching internal streams, threw volcanoes with their angry heads skyward, and as they opened their fearful maws of destruction, sea and air and land trembled at the shock; but islands were formed, and continents were made, while Vulcan's fires burned on and Cyclop's anvil rang; and to-day we enjoy the age of geological peace, as we look upon the lofty mountains, where the snow-capped fathers of the foothills reign in regal splendor, serene, dignified, magnificent; or we feast our eyes upon the prairies and behold the lap of luxury, where fields of ripened grain wave their bearded heads and invite the reapers to close their season of labor with songs of "Harvest Home."

Do you see that good ship sailing westward? It is the "Mayflower," a flower destined to blossom and live forever, or so long as an American patriot can be found. That ship anchored at Plymouth Rock, and the prayers of our noble

forefathers sanctified it, and there in the hearts of that company of Knights of Destiny a nation was born; destined to be of the people, by the people, and for the people, and by the grace of God to outlive its foes. Progress and liberty could not be kept bound by the laws of a defunct and greedy royalty. Independence grows in American soil—the very atmosphere is perfumed with it. It blossomed into a “declaration,” and then the yoke of bondage came off—and the rich mellow tones of grand old Liberty Bell have been heard around the world. The British “Jack” was trailed in the dust, and the Stars and Stripes climbed the flag-pole, and the sun has never shone upon the nation that can pull it down. (Applause.) After years of prosperity that infernal octopus of greed—slavery—debauched a great part of our land, and secession raised its iniquitous head and the Union was hanging in the balance. At last the fires of malice and hate ran hissing, hot and furious, from north to south, and from east to west. “To arms!” rang from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In a few months from that day America had entered her Gethsemane—and oh, the sweat of blood! Mason and Dixon’s line was the cross-bar and Abolition was the cross-beam, and upon that cross six hundred thousand of the bravest men and greatest soldiers that ever

stood upon a field of blood were crucified. It was the price of peace, and to-day we can find localisms, provincialisms, "idiosyncrasies" and so forth, but we have a blood-bought union, staunch, grand, progressive, loyal, impregnable and imperishable; and a people forever one, while the Stars and Stripes bear unquestioned sway over the hearts and homes of eighty millions of people who are life members of the American Brotherhood of Happy Firesides! The old flag is redder because of the soldiers' blood, richer because of the true-blue Americanism now as sound in Generals Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee as it was in Generals Grant and Sherman. Peace, reconciliation! How blessed when brethren dwell together in unity.

In the days when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy, man rebelled against his Maker, and lifted his puny fist in the face of Infinity, and God shut the Gates of Eden in his face; and rebellion kindled its deadly fires within the precincts of man's affections, and the hounds of enmity and disobedience, lust and greed, malice and murder chased man from the sacred precincts of innocence, and Cain retorted: "Am I my brother's keeper?" when murder had built its nest in his heart and reddened his hands with his brother's blood. Mercy and Justice engaged in mortal combat,

and for more than forty centuries the clash of arms resounded; but the fires of eternal Love surged and rolled throughout the fields of battle, until Mercy scaled the ramparts of Justice and Judgment and proclaimed the dawn of peace on earth, good will to man; but it cost the Son of God the agonies of a bloody sweat in Gethsemane, and the pangs of crucifixion on the Cross of Calvary. The gospel of love is the hope of this world, the hope of the church. How I love to see it in action in our meetings; how I love to hear of the homes made glad by the power of the love of God burying these old differences in grace, and making enemies friends.

I was in a city in western Illinois several years ago and I noticed a leading business man come forward and take his place with the others who had come to publicly confess Christ. A friend came to me quite excited and said: "That is one of the best known men in this section of the country, and that means a great step for him; he is charged by his brother and sisters with having illegally taken their portions of the family estate, and the case is to be on trial at the next term of court; what do you think they will do about it?" I said to my friend: "If that man is saved to-night, he will make the wrong right, and there will be no law suit, and the old trouble will be buried." They had not spoken

as a family for several months, when they met on the streets of that city. Three days later my friend came to me and told me that there had been a meeting of the lawyers and relatives, and that the young convert had placed the property on the table and said to the brother and sisters: "You take your choice, and I will take what is left." They wept, and kissed, and had a real family reunion and joy reigned within their hearts.

Forgive, *forgive*, FORGIVE! Don't try to live without that means of spiritual blessing.

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his own brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?"

I was conducting a meeting in Kansas a few years ago, and was entertained in the home of Captain B——. His wife had been praying for his conversion for years, and when I asked him why he did not settle the question, he said: "There is too much malice in my heart. There is a man in this town who I want to kill every time I see him, and I know that I can't be a Christian so long as I feel that way toward any man." I said: "Captain, you are right, you must forgive, if you are ever forgiven." A few nights later I was made glad to see the Captain

step forward and publicly confess Christ as his Savior. The meeting closed and we walked home together. On the way he said to me: "I would forgive that man if he should ask me to." The very next night the man in question—an attorney—with his wife came and decided for Christ. I spoke to the Captain at the close of the after-meeting, asking him to speak to Judge C—and encourage him in the step. He started for him, and reached him just as he and his wife were leaving the hall; he reached over some chairs and said: "Judge, God bless you." The Captain told me on the way home what he had said, and added: "The Judge looked daggers at me, and did not say a word." I told him that he had misunderstood the look and the silence of his former enemy, and I said: "Captain, if that man is converted, he will confess the wrong which he has done you, and will make it right." I was safe in making that statement, although I had never seen the Judge before. I knew what Jesus Christ would do if He entered that heart. Captain B—— looked surprised and said: "Do you think he will?" I assured him that such would be the case and explained the silence of the man upon the grounds that he was so completely surprised that the man whom he had tried to injure fourteen years before in a nasty political fuss, had forgotten the past, and had extended to him

his hand, had taken away his speaking powers for the time being. The next day after lunch Captain B—— began a review of the disgraceful and disreputable old fuss that had separated two families, and had blackened two lives for fourteen years. A political fuss is the meanest, dirtiest, most malodorous kind of a scandal monger this side of the pit. Well, he drew that old skeleton out and it was a grim, loathsome looking spectacle. The old gentleman had consumed an hour in giving the history of the fracas, and added his willingness to forgive provided he was asked to do so. He looked at his watch, and said: "I am late, I must be going, good-bye." He reached the village square, and a man met him and said: "Captain, I have been looking for you for an hour; here is a note." I have the note just at it was received by the Captain, and just as it was written by the Judge. I will read it: "Capt. S. A. B——. (The last name is intentionally omitted.)

"Dear Captain:—If not too busily engaged, I should like to have you call up, that I may have a talk with you.

Fraternally,

"F. P. C——."

The Captain made his way to the office of the Judge as soon as he could arrange to go, and they were behind locked doors for two hours or more. Judge C—— went into detail with his

side of the unpleasant affair, and finished his story by telling the Captain that he had staked everything on his election, and when he found himself defeated, he decided that there were three men whom he would kill and then end his own life, and that the Captain was one of the three. Capt. B—— said: “Judge, if you had lifted your hand, I would have saved you the trouble of killing yourself, for I was ready for you.” Judge C—— arose and said: “I have wronged you, in the fullest sense of the word, and if there is anything that I can do to right the wrong, you name it, and I will do my level best to comply with it.” The men wept, and as they grasped hands, the old political fuss was forever past, and was forgotten. Those men were on cordial terms until the day of the death of Captain B——. Brethren, there is nothing impossible for the church of Christ when the reality of the Spirit of Christ floods the lives of her members; it is a contagion, the folks outside see how the brethren love one another, and how willing they are to forgive and it melts the hardest hearts. (Amens.)

Don't talk to me about the peculiar situation, and think to have just grounds for not forgiving. No matter how you have been wronged, you have sinned against God more than you have been sinned against. Have you felt the tortures of a bloody sweat, and the agonies of crucifixion?

You answer no. Christ suffered it all, besides the beating, scourging, and other indecencies, and as He was hanging upon the cross, He looked upon the vilest reprobates that blasphemed His name, and cursed His suffering, and said: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

I heard of a father who ordered his son to leave the home and never darken the door again, and the son left. Years passed, and the strained relations were not improved with age; they never are. At last the mother of the boy was taken seriously ill, and she asked for the boy time after time. At last she made the request that her husband would send him a telegram asking him to come at once. He replied: "I will send him a message telling him that you desire his presence." But the mother said: "No, you must ask him to come back, or he will never come." The father was broken in heart because of the sickness of his faithful wife, and at last said he would wire for the boy to come. The son came, and entered the room where his father stood, and his mother lay dying. The son looked at his father, and saw that his heart was seemingly inexorable, and he stepped to the bedside and kissed his mother, and she called her husband and he came to her side, and with her last moments of life, with her ebbing strength she placed the hand

of the son into the hand of the father. She was overcome by the ordeal, and in a moment gasped for breath, but life had gone out. There by the side of the dearest one on earth to both rebellious hearts they stood, both unwilling to yield, but at last the awful sorrow overcame them and their hearts broke, and the father placed his arms around his boy and wept bitterly upon his shoulder. Reconciliation had cost the mother her life; forgiveness was absolute on the part of both, and love gained the battle of that awful moment. Brethren, it cost the Son of God His life to make the reconciliation between this wicked world and God. There by the side of the only begotten of the Father were forgiveness and hope secured. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought to love one another."

VIII.

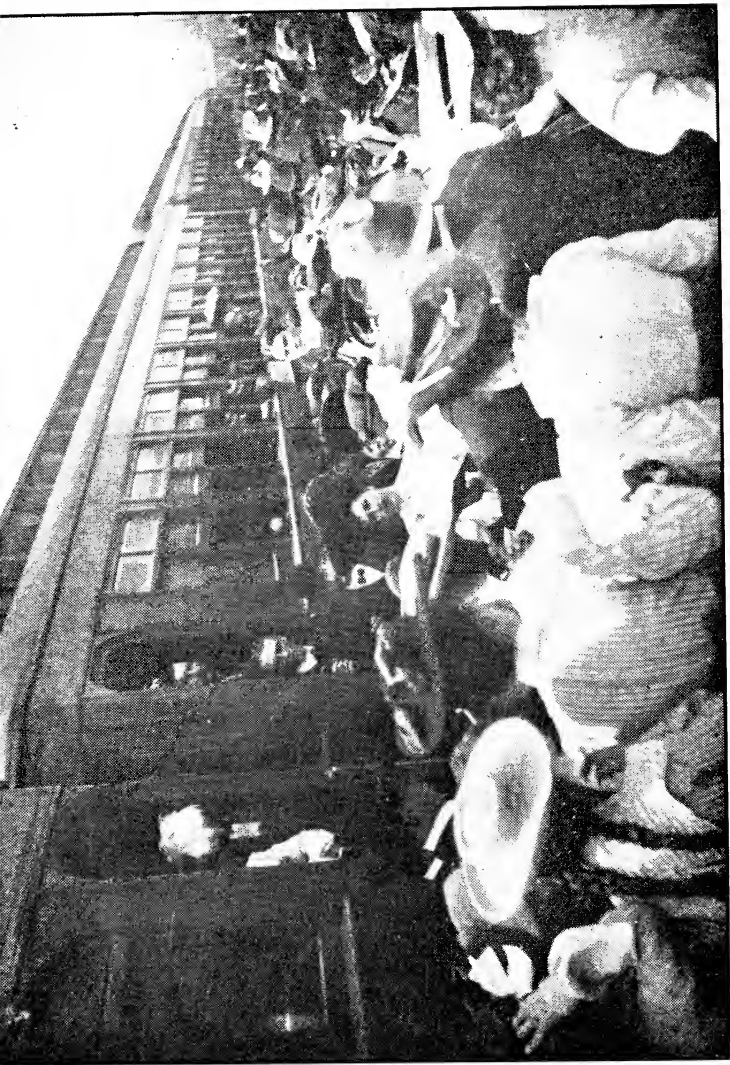
DIVINE INSPIRATION.

(As given in Guthrie, Oklahoma.)

“All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.” 2 Tim. 3:16.

The pendulum of Science which has swung so far from scripture is swinging Bible-ward to-day. Instead of the gross skepticism, rationalism, materialism, and atheism laboring to darken men's intellect with fine spun sophistries and half truths in the name of science, followers of the Bible see that the age of the reformation and regeneration of science is at hand.

The Bible has had stronger scientific support than infidelity. Who can forget the lives of Copernicus, Kepler, Isaac Newton, Jacob Boehme, Linnæus, Leibnits, William Herschel, Cuvier, Euler, Lavoisier, Leibig, Secchi, Madler, Ritter, Faraday, Cartecius, Haller, Bernouilli, Brewster, Biot, Ampère, Quatrefages, Agassiz, Pasteur, and Robert Mayer. To this mighty company of witnesses to the fact that “Godliness is profitable,” God seems to have spoken revealing the very secrets of nature, as He did to Tubal-cain, teach-



The Farewell to Evangelist French E. Oliver and Party at Shawnee, Oklahoma. Several Hundred Friends Singing, "Oh that will be glory for me—."

ing him to be an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, for to this company of scientists has God revealed the mysteries of astronomy, natural philosophy, palæontology, mathematics, chemistry, the elements, the unity of force, etc. I believe the closer the scientist walks to God in the pursuance of his investigations, the greater will be his knowledge of the mystery of life. "Every branch in me that beareth fruit He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit."

The science of the Bible is impregnable. It is the only science that is absolutely accurate. "The scriptures cannot be broken." "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

The Bible teaches the immutability of God, and the mutability of all things in the immensity of space. Existence is dependent upon one of two things, either the life—or creative power within it is innate and constitutional, or else it is supported by exterior forces, or life, or creative power independent of itself.

Changes upon this earth are being wrought day by day through the workings of the magnificent army of forces. Volcanic, aqueous, atmospheric, mechanical, chemical, electrical and caloric forces aid the iron teeth of Time in change and decay.

Mutation is the mighty monarch of the day. The geological changes amaze the most diligent

student. Stratas form and harden and fossilize, but disintegration with its iron rod rules the earth, and we are within the power and grasp of change omnipotent. What shall the end be, fire or the "entropy?" The Bible says "fire."

The uncultured and illiterate, the savant, the erudite, the scientist, find nothing in scripture contradictory to biogenesis, comparative anatomy, or the inexorable law of cause and effect. All that there is in the world of science is embraced in the opening statement of the Bible—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Chemistry, astronomy, geometry, zoology, and all the sciences known to man had their birth-place there. Dr. Munsey said: "The Bible, therefore, did not contradict the popular scientific ideas of the ages in which it was given. And though it is unambiguous and unequivocal on all subjects necessary to be known to accomplish the salvation of man from sin and death, yet by no revelation of this kind did it preclude its acceptance by the advocates of any scientific hypothesis, however monstrous and untrue that hypothesis may have been. Indeed were the Bible otherwise it would not have been adapted as a revelation to all people in their various stages of knowledge, graduating from the shallow ignorance of antiquity to the comparatively profound erudition of the present day. Indeed it would

not be adapted by all men now and probably by none at all. A book whose teachings with reference to God and salvation are so clearly interpreted according to their original intent in every age, irrespective of the mental attainments of the age, must be of Divine origin."

If God had a beginning, He is not eternal, for, if there was a time when He did not exist He must have been created. Philosophy demands that if God is, He is from everlasting to everlasting. That man had a beginning is self evident. The question of that beginning is one that has stirred the world of science for ages—especially among the class of men indisposed to follow the clean path of righteousness as revealed in God's word. The theories of evolution as advanced by Darwin with the protoplasm, bioplasm, monads, infusoria, "electricity and albumen," "microscopic animalcules, etc., etc., has had a rather inglorious burial in the potter's field of science. Why pulpit and pew should accept a theory so wholly unproven and still in the baby garments of speculation will remain a matter of wonder for a great many years to come. Mr. Darwin did not present a scientific demonstration but gave a number of wild guesses at some impossible and improbable occurrences; beginning them with phrases indicative of the sea of incertitude. "In every special nature—dogma—there is only just

so much science as it contains mathematics," are the words of Kant. Some quotations from Darwin will serve to illustrate how uncertain he was as to the facts suggested in his theory. "It is interesting to contemplate * * * life with its several powers having been originally breathed into a few forms or into one." "I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors." "Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide." "Therefore I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form into which life was at first breathed." "It is probable that organs which at a very ancient period served for respiration, have actually been converted into organs of flight." "The tail of the giraffe looks like an artificially constructed fly-flapper." "Yet we should pause before being too positive even in this case." "In North America the black bear was seen by Hearne swimming for hours with widely open mouth, thus catching like a whale, insects in the water. I see no difficulty in a race of bears being rendered by natural selection more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as

large as a whale." According to this doctrine it is advisable to warn mothers about letting their boys swim in lakes or rivers or the oceans—they may become sharks or sperm whales. Mr. Darwin continues: "Man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the old world." "The early progenitors of man were no doubt well covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles." "The males were provided with great canine teeth which served them as formidable weapons." "The most ancient progenitors in the Kingdom of the Vertebrata, of which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians. These animals gave rise to a group of fishes, as lowly organized as the Lancelet; and from these the Ganoids and other fishes like the *Lepidosiren*, must have been developed. From such fish a very small advance would carry us on to the amphibians." "Birds and reptiles were once intimately connected, and the *Monotremata* now, in a slight degree connect mammals with reptiles. But no one can at present say by what line of descent the three higher and related classes, namely,

mammals, birds and reptiles, were derived from either of the two lower vertebrate classes, namely, amphibians and fishes. In the class of mammals the steps are not difficult to conceive which led from the ancient Monotremata to the ancient Marsupials; and from these to the early progenitors of the placental animals. We may thus ascend to the Lumuridæ; and the interval is not wide from these to the Simiadæ. The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems, the new world and the old world monkeys; and from the latter at a remote period, man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded * * *. If a single link in this chain had never existed, man would not have been what he now is. Unless we wilfully close our eyes, we may, with our present knowledge, approximately recognize our parentage, nor need we feel ashamed of it." Another has said: "Born of electricity and albumen, the simple monad is the first living atom; the microscopic animalcules, the snail, the worm, the reptile, the fish, the bird, the quadruped, all spring from its invisible loins. The human similitude at last appears in the character of the monkey; the monkey rises into the baboon; the baboon is exalted to the ourang outang; and the chimpanzee with a more human toe and shorter arms, gives birth to man." The assumptions previously quoted will compare favorably with the two state-

ments following, the first by Aristotle and the latter by Van Helmont: "The smells which arise from the bottom of morasses produce frogs, slugs, leeches, grasses and other things." Again, "To press a dirty shirt into the orifice of a vessel containing a little corn. After about twenty-one days, the ferment proceeding from the dirty shirt modified by the odor of the corn, affects the transition of the wheat into mice."

While the alchemists make mice out of corn and the evolutionists make monkeys out of themselves, it is worthy of note that the great masters of the scientific age have given conclusive proofs of the fallacy of their unscientific theories. "The Egg and Evolution," contains this theory: "The egg had its beginning as a microscopic germ cell, then grows into an egg, then organizes into a chick, and eventually grows into a cock, and the whole process follows a well recognized law. Now this process is evolution. It is more. It is THE type of all evolution." Professor Watts of the Assembly College, Belfast, in a review on the subject, said: "He begins with the egg. With all due deference, he shall not be permitted to begin with the egg, even in its incipient germ-cell form. No mortal eye ever discovered the germ-cell of the egg, or the egg itself, which did not come from an antecedent, parental, full-grown organism. Eggs are not orphans. An egg fitted

for the process of development referred to by our author, is still less likely to be found without an adequate ancestry."

Biogenesis omnipotent forces such scientific warriors into a retreat upon every battlefield. Biology teaches that there must be a hen before the egg, the mother before the babe.

I purpose to arraign evolution at the court of scientific inquiry and impeach it upon the testimony of the world's greatest scientists. Pasteur, what do you have to say? "There is not one circumstance known at the present day which justifies the assertion that microscopic organisms came into the world without germs or without parents like themselves. Spontaneous generation is a chimera." M. Florens, of the Academy of Science, what have you to say? "The experiments are decisive. Pasteur puts air and putrescible liquids together, and nothing is produced. Spontaneous generation then is non-existent." It is evident that life comes from life. Dr. Müller, please give your testimony. "If we place ourselves on Darwinian ground there is no possibility of our seeing a new species originate from an older one, though we should live a thousand years. * * *

The closer the investigation the sharper becomes the distinction between the species, and in many cases hitherto looked upon as

instances of transition more recent observations have shown the supposition to be at fault. Nothing is more hopeless than to explain by means of the Darwinian theory the origin and existence of this infinity of varieties under conditions so uniform as those afforded by the sea. * * *

We have long held that between the animal and the human mind there exists an impassable gulf, that is not to be bridged even by the assumption of a link, an ancestor extinct and untraceable. Each organism represents a peculiar idea in the series of organisms." Professor Quatrefages, please give your testimony. "Embriogeny unites with morphology and anatomy to show how greatly in error are those who teach in accordance with Darwin's theory, the descent of man from the ape." Let the Duke of Argyll now speak. "The private letters of Charles Darwin now published in his 'Life,' his frank and memorable confessions will accelerate and complete the reaction which has already begun against the acceptance of his philosophy. They reveal, and to some extent they explain the contrast between his greatness as an observer and his weakness as an interpreter of the facts which he observed. All that was perfect in his hypothesis rested on one idea, and that idea was a bungle. The phrase in which it was expressed (natural selection) was not only

a metaphor but a mixed metaphor embodying convictions of alien and incongruous conceptions."

Professor Virchow, we will gladly hear you. "I can make nothing of the idea that man evolves from an animal; for, as a matter of fact, the links do not exist that would exist if they had ever lived. The Missing Link is NON-EXISTENT."

Dr. Kalisch, please speak. "The immutability of the species can only be refuted by experimental proof of their changeableness." Professor Seubert of Tübingen will now speak. "Chemistry has produced thousands of organic substances, it is true, but not one bearing in it the breath of life; the life force is still a mystery to us." And while the scientists are tossed to and fro on the sea of incertitude the Christian finds the "life-force" explained in the words: "In Him was life and the life was the light of men." "All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made."

Wilser, you may speak. "He who is not done with Darwin hardly deserves to be called a naturalist." Evolution is found wanting among the scientists.

Spiller spilled an awful falsification when he said that believers in miracles are "the most stupid of all men." We are said to be "stupid" for believing in miracles and are asked to believe that molecules, plastidules, etc., possess

memory. Professor Haeckel says: "Heredity is the memory of the plastidule, variability is the comprehension of the plastidule. The former causes the constancy and the latter the variety of organic forms." No man has ever seen an atom. Dr. Meyer of Geneva says: "As no amount of thinking can prove to us that matter consists of separate molecules (or atoms) of infinite minuteness, what leads us to believe it?" Scientists so far are not agreed as to their size. Some estimate that there are enough atoms in the head of a pin to engage one 250,000 years in counting them. When will one-fifth of the race spend a year in demonstrating that supposition by counting the atoms in the head of a pin? The microscope cannot discern them, the spectroscope does not reveal them, yet we do not deny their existence. A man is either a coward or a dullard who denies a thing because he does not understand it, or because he cannot demonstrate it.

IX.

MAN THE MASTERPIECE.

"Let us make man in our own image after our likeness." Gen. 1:26.

The answer to the question of the Psalmist David, "What is man that thou art mindful of him," has baffled brainier men than I am. Man in physical comparison with this globe is a mere speck. He can wander aimlessly through the desert sands until he leaves his bones to bleach upon the arid plains, or, lost in the pathless wilds of the forest or jungle or the canyon, faced by the denizens of the wilderness, the bloody-thirsty quadrupeds, man is upon an unequal footing, and we wonder again, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

When I view the terror-stricken village when the clouds have marshaled their black squadrons from north, south, east, and west, and see the "twister"—the cyclone—approach, while bifurcated lightning makes horrid gashes in the vapor, and bellowing thunder shakes the vaulted sky! The fury of the elements combining in one small, whirling, winged desolation, causing strong men to stand with blanched faces, while women scream

as the horror approaches, and the frightened children scamper and shriek as they feel its dreadful power upon them. The village blotted out, and scattered debris marking the trail of the Fearful Visitation. The dead and dying hastily cared for, the broken-hearted loved ones standing with eyes red from weeping! And man a creature over all other creatures, quaking and powerless to avert the calamity—yet he is the only creature that ever defies God—the Creator of the forces and elements which prove man so helpless; I wonder again, “What is man that Thou art mindful of him?”

There are millions of bowlders and broken fragments of granite that outweigh man, the ox and the ass are of superior strength, the trees are taller and of longer life, and space is pregnant with the handiwork of God, for “day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.” There are stars and satellites, moons, suns, systems, planets, planetoids, comets, and man is insignificant in point of size, in comparison to all of these things, and according to science he cannot claim that his beginning was until after the dust of the earth, and creatures after their kind had been created. Behold Mizar, five hundred and ten million times larger than this earth, and place man beside it, and ask: “What is man that Thou art mindful of him?”

I have had the small end of the telescope turned toward man. Let us change the view, and we find that God breathed into his nostrils the breath of *lives* and man became a living soul. In the light of that statement I see animate life at man's feet become insignificant; the manatus, the mammoth, mastodon and megatherium disappear from the stage of action—the earth ceases to tremble at their tread, but man lives on; while earth recedes and stars grow dim and sun and moon are darkened while sky and sea and land combine their forces and lay their trophies at his feet, for God said: "Let him have dominion over the fish of the seas, over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over the whole earth, and over creeping things that creep upon the earth."

What a difference between God's statement of man's beginning and the statement of atheistic evolution. The Bible does not mention the date of man's creation but it mentions the fact that God created him in His own image. Albert Lange remarks: "When the geologist Fraas comes down to periods embraced by the six thousand years of Biblical chronology, we have no proofs with which to oppose him." Ranke goes farther in his declaration: "The oldest traces of humanity do not reach further back than the deluge." These statements are honest admissions

of eminent men of letters. There is no proof of the longevity of man past Bible chronology in cliff dwellings. Troyon and Fraas place the date of their advent from 800 or 1,000 to 1,500 years B. C.

I have made investigations in Mexico in the cliff dwellings—excavations which were very satisfactory in results. The skulls compare favorably to those of men of approximate sizes, calculating the length of bones, etc. Considering the brain work of our age our heads ought to be larger than the cliff dwellers.

There is no hope for the human race if we give up the Bible. If we give up the cosmogony of the Bible, we can easily give up the moral and spiritual demands of the same. Science has given to the world a wonderful acrobatic performance continuously for centuries. It is up to-day and down to-morrow; but the Bible is the word that our forefathers trusted and we believe that they made the Port of Heaven in safety. Shall we turn from the old paths to the unexplored marshes of theorizations? Shall we give up the old ship Zion for the pirate vessel of Infidelity? Shall we turn from theophneusty to the cold, dark, hopeless night of agnosticism? By the grace of God—NEVER! (“Amens.”)

“The Spacious Firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

"What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine."

The Bible cosmogony is not a doctrine of "manufacture," as evolutionists claim. There is a great difference between creation and "manufacturing." Geologists can talk of Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene periods, of Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, and Cambrian formations, and split scientific hairs as long as from here to the north pole, but the fossiliferous beds of Ashley, S. C., contain

the indisputable evidence of the age of man contemporaneous with many of the creatures mentioned by scientists as having disappeared thousands of years before man's advent into the world.

Major E. Willis of Charleston, S. C., sent me a cordial invitation to visit the Charleston Exposition and see the "finest collection of fossils in the world." He sent me a list of fossils and phosphate specimens, also a number of the fossilized bones.

I heard an eminent preacher say that a captain of a schooner had given him a fossilized baby's foot from the Ashley beds.

The fossils of Ashley, S. C., are remarkable in their vast scope of species. Ranging from the common periwinkle to the mammoth, mastodon and megatherium. And the mystery of man's longevity clears as we find his bones among the number. The individuality of the species is absolute.

Man builds fire, makes clothing from cotton which he grows and the wool from his flocks of sheep, digs gold, silver, and precious stones from the earth, cuts diamonds, counts the stars, invents machines and mechanical devices, builds houses and cities with wood and brick and stone; his boats navigate the seas, he reduces the air to liquids and solids, he simplifies compounds, harnesses the lightning, sows seed, reaps grain, paints

pictures, markets his masterpieces, and from the prattling infant he grows to be the matchless orator and masters a score of languages and proves that he is the only creature capable of understanding or speaking a language. Dogs can be taught that a certain sound is friendly, and that another sound rebukes them. I have a friend who taught his chickens to run for their food at the sound of the 12 o'clock whistle.

Man's endowment of artistic, inventive, mechanical and social genius is not an accident. What matchless design! Man stands out in the intellectual world the unapproachable giant. The absolute supremacy of man due to his mental and spiritual life is a philosophy scientifically demonstrated. An inglorious birth must be the most depressing and galling burden ever borne by a human being. I resent the diabolical insult of atheistic evolution when it insinuates that we are the offspring of monkeys, having outgrown the habits of our ancestry by some process of evolution; live and die men, while our ancestry according to the so-called scientific theory were common chimpanzees.

Agassiz said in a lecture on "Man and Monkeys," delivered in Cooper Institute Hall, New York, February 26, 1867: "There is no possibility of a higher being than man himself" (in the animal world). And continuing, he said:

“Without entering into an extensive argument, I will show you that such is the structure of the highest systems of organs in the whole series of animals that from the fish to man there is one gradual gradation, and that in the structure of man there is a consummation which shows that he is the highest possible form of the series which begins with the fish. (The professor here used a blackboard to illustrate his subject.) Suppose this to be the brain of a fish. We have here, as in all brains, a front swelling from which arise the nerves which go to the nostrils; here a middle swelling from which arise the nerves which go to the eyes; and a third swelling from which arise the nerves which go to the ear, and other nerves which go to the different parts, about which I need not now trouble you. These three swellings are so constituted that the first formation is the smallest, the middle formation occupies the middle position, and the hindmost is the largest. In reptiles we find that these three swellings have about the same dimensions; that the front swelling begins to rise, so as to stand on a level with the middle swelling, which itself is about as large as the hind swelling, which is receding in dimensions from the others. In birds we find that the front part is so far developed as already to cover, in a measure, the middle swelling, the hind swelling being left uncovered. When

from the bird we rise to the quadruped, we find that the front swelling covers the middle swelling completely, though it does not cover the hind swelling at all. When we come to man, we find that not only in the middle swelling, but the hind swelling also, covered in such a manner that the position is so changed that, instead of extending on the same plane, or rising slowly, as in the case in the reptile, or slanting, as in the case in the bird and mammalia, in man the brain is brought to stand at right angles with the spinal marrow, which extends through the series of back-bones along the vertebral column. Beyond this you see at once there is no progress possible. Here we have acquired the most complete development of the anterior part of the brain. It extends from the middle and posterior regions of the middle and hind parts of the brain in a perfectly harmonious manner, and the whole commands the whole system in a manner which, if attempted to be exceeded, would lead to a retrograde movement, and not to an onward progress. Take the different forms of brain which we have among men and you find the variety a little more or less developed; pass from them to the monkeys and you will find this gradually receding, you will find the cerebellum will be uncovered very slowly, and then gradually more and more. In fact, you have a complete series, which shows

that between man and monkeys, and monkeys and quadrupeds, and quadrupeds and birds, and birds and reptiles, and reptiles and fishes, there is an uninterrupted gradation of more or less complicated structures, but with this remarkable peculiarity: that the distances from one to the other are unequal; that there is not that even gradation or that even succession; that from one stage to the other the distance or the difference should be perfectly uniform. There is always more or less distance from one to the other, and not equal in measure, in steps from any lower to the next higher type."

I was out West some time ago on a hunting trip. Our cook was an old pioneer of southern Oregon, illiterate, but as witty as he was crude. His experience with an evolutionist which he had some years before was interesting. He described the incident as follows: "The stranger said our fore parents was from jimpanzys." (He added very knowingly): "Now, a jimpanzy is a kind of a monkey. Well, I says to him, you may be a son of a jimpanzy, but I want you to know that I am not." I am with the old pioneer.

I asked a physician of Germany while abroad last fall this question: What do you think of the "missing link?" He replied, "It is still missing."

There is a great gulf fixed between man and

the ape—for it is not the question of a link, for man is more than a link above the ape. Brain proportion to spinal cord forever silences the theories of evolution. In fish the proportion is as 2 to 1; in reptiles, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; in birds, 3 to 1; in mammals, quadrupeds, it is 4 to 1; in man the proportion is as 33 to 1. There is no even succession or gradation from one type to another, but there is *at least* a step of one-half number between the species; therefore taking this fact as a basis for figuring, I can demonstrate mathematically, that science has been playing with facts and making a mockery of the dignity of man. Anyone can do the figuring, any man can see that it is a demonstration. Do you see the proportion of brain to spinal column of man being 33 to 1, and 4 to 1 being the highest brain proportion of the chimpanzee, etc., subtract 4 from 33 and you have 29. Multiply 29 by 2 and you find that between the anthropoid ape and man there are at least FIFTY-EIGHT MISSING LINKS! Why the scientists have overlooked this significant fact is somewhat mysterious, to say the least.

A controversy with God in any matter is in the majority of cases an evidence of a dirty life. There are men who disclaim faith in the Bible because they do not want to give up their lives of sin. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Do you know what that means? The Bible holds

up the standard of a clean life and promises a reward to all followers of the Savior from sin. No man has a reason for not accepting the Bible as his rule of faith and practice, and Christ as his Savior.

"I cannot understand it." You don't want to understand it, you old reprobate. If you would spend as much time in prayer as you do in profanity, as much energy in finding God as you do in getting money, you would know the truth, and the love of God would be shed abroad in your heart. Men understand what they want to understand. Years of study and labor have brought to this world the telephone, telegraph, with and without wire, the X-Rays, the steamboat, the steam engine, the great evidences of the wisdom and patience of man. You are a lawyer because you want to be a lawyer, you are a doctor because you want to be a doctor, you are a school teacher because you want to be, you are a banker because you want to be, you are what you are in the business or professional world because you want to be. I will go farther. You are a thief because you want to be, you are a liar because you want to be, you are a murderer because you want to be, you are an adulterer because you want to be, you are mean because you want to be. On the other hand, you are a man of prayer because you want to be; a devout Christian is not an

accident. A pure woman did not just happen to be pure; she is pure and beautiful in her life because she wants to be. "I call heaven and earth to witness this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing, therefore choose life that both thou and thy seed may live."

The idea that God has made any mistake either in creation or the record of creation is the assumption of either a fool or a moral degenerate.

I heard of a man who said to his neighbor as they walked through the field: "The very plan of creation is absurd. See that great pumpkin on that feeble vine, and that tiny acorn on that majestic oak? If I had created this world I would have put the acorn on the vine and the pumpkin on the tree. I would have equalized matters." They walked on for some time and finally came into the woods and stretched out under the boughs of the great old oak. They were dozing when an acorn dropped and struck with its spiral point on the end of the sceptic's nose—it felt like a bee had stung him. He looked up in time to see it roll to the ground, and he said: "I reckon there is no mistake in creation after all—if that had been a pumpkin it would have killed me."

I seldom enter a town or city but some one sends up the question: "Where did Cain get his wife?" He got her from his father-in-law, I presume.

The trouble with folks who stumble at Cain's matrimonial affairs is not Cain's wife, but some other fellow's wife. Men have gotten into very serious trouble being too solicitous about some man's wife—it is better policy not to start that way. "But doesn't the Bible say that Cain went over into the land of Nod and got his wife?" I have been asked. No, the Bible says: "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived and bare Enoch." Gen. 4:16-17.

It does not take intellect or character to read into the Bible something that is not there. I heard of a teacher in Texas who had taught her scholars about double letters as they occur in certain words, but she had not made the distinction clear between letters and words; so when a little boy arose to read: "Up, up, Mary and see the sun rise!" He read it: "Double up Mary and see the sun rise!" As a result of the lack of careful study and a real knowledge of the Bible, the skeptics have "doubled up" on moral matters largely and they have not seen the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings. The men most familiar with the Bible are the strongest advocates of its Divine origin, invariably. Men who know the least about it are the ones who are finding the most fault with it. A skeptic

in a western city told me that he had read the Bible through three times. I asked him if he had read the book of Hezekiah, and he replied: "Certainly."

Ingersoll* stood in Chicago one night not many years ago and with the weapons of his oratory and eloquence he murdered the faith of many a one on the brink of despair. He turned with heartless cruelty and knocked the crutch from the armpit of old age and left old men in the blackness of eternal hell, this side of the grave. He reached his climax and swept the crowd with him in his assault upon Christianity, and the Bible. And it is said that people screamed and cheered until tremendous excitement prevailed. He said: "When I think of their God, and their Christ, and their Bible, I thank my stars that I am not a Christian. I would rather be the humblest German peasant, wearing wooden shoes, sitting by my cottage—vineclad, from which the grapes hang purple, kissed by the rays of the setting sun, with my family about me, at peace with the world—than to be the greatest Christian that ever lived!" But he only threw paraphrastic bouquets. He knew that with an audience largely made up of saloon men and their wives, the loose in character of both sexes and the ene-

* Acknowledgments to W. A. Sunday for Ingersoll's statement.
F. E. O.

mies of God and purity and character, anything well worded and eloquently spoken against Christianity would catch the crowd. Let us look at Christianity and infidelity comparatively. Has infidelity ever made a drunken wreck a sober, hopeful man? Has infidelity ever raised a fallen woman from the awful midnight of her despair? Has infidelity ever made a gambler quit his iniquitous life and become an honest citizen? Has infidelity taken medicine, hygiene, education, civilization, art, literature, the sciences or Christianity to lift the people of benighted islands from their ignorance and idolatry into lives of cleanliness and progressiveness? No! Infidelity has never advanced one plan to help the human race to be better. Infidelity has signally failed to lend one ray of light or generate one ray of light for the ones in darkness. A lightning bug gives more light to this world than all of the infidels and agnostics who have ever lived. When I see the complete failure of infidelity to help and enlighten, I thank my God that I am not an infidel. When I see the light of the Gospel penetrating the jungles of "darkest Africa" and men going for Jesus' sake to give the glad tidings of eternal life to the slaves of lust and ignorance, I thank God that I am not an infidel; when I see the homes for the fruitage of infidelity—fallen women—established by Christian people, and hear pure men

and women entreat them to turn to Christ, the sinner's friend, and know that He saves them, I thank God that I am not an infidel. When I see the Church of Jesus with her spires pointing to the City of Refuge and watch her feed the hungry, visit the sick, the maimed, and halt and blind; educating the people of the islands of the seas, and knowing intimately her missions of mercy and labor of love, I thank God again that I am not an infidel. When I see the loved one enter the valley of the shadow of death, and know that soon the spirit will return to God who gave it, and hear the words of Christian hope, that beyond the sunset's radiant glow, in a brighter and better world where all tears are washed forever away and loved ones meet again, and old grow young, and families reunite to part no more, and the thoughts and visions of the Home Over There flood the soul, and I kiss the chilly lips, and see the last gleam of consciousness fade from the eyes—in that hour when there is an empty chair at the table, a place not filled in the family circle, when the heart aches with that fearful pain that soon empties the tear ducts and burns the eyes, and crushes the heart; in that hour when earth seems to be a wilderness and you are lost in the quicksands of despair, in loneliness, and you press the icy hand in vain, when you hear the Son of God whisper in your

ear: "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die"—in that hour I thank God that I am not an infidel. And I can truly say: "I would rather be the humblest German peasant, wearing wooden shoes, seated by my cottage—vine-clad, from which the grapes hang purple, kissed by the rays of the setting sun"—with my family about me, with open Bible on my knee, at peace with God and at peace with the world, than to be the greatest infidel that ever lived!

X.

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

The supposed discrepancy in the Bible story of Jonah and his subterranean voyage in the state-room of the whale is another evidence of the folly of so-called scientists. I am not dealing with theories or sentiment, but stern facts. The door to the exhibit from Washington at the World's Columbian Exposition, in the Fishery building, was made of the jawbone of a monster whale—twenty-four feet high.

I have talked with whalers and have always found them willing to scoff at the idea that the whale cannot swallow anything larger than a herring or an apple. Mr. Frank T. Bullen, in the "Cruise of the Cachalot," contributes some very valuable information to the world of science along this line. "Popular ideas of the whale are almost invariably taken from the *Mysticetus*, so that the average individual generally defines a whale as a big fish which spouts water out of the top of his head, and cannot swallow a herring. Indeed, so late as last year (1896) a popular M. P., writing to one of the religious papers, allowed himself to say that 'science will not hear of

a whale with a gullet capable of admitting anything larger than a man's fist'—a piece of crass ignorance, which is also perpetrated in the appendix to a very widely distributed edition of the authorized version of the Bible. This opinion strangely enough, is almost universally held, although I trust that the admirable models now being shown in our splendid Natural History Museum at South Kensington will do much to remove it." After telling of a great whale having been captured he adds: "During the conflict I had not noticed what now claimed attention—several great masses of white, semi-transparent-looking substance floating about, of huge size and irregular shape. But one of these curious lumps came floating by as we lay, tugged at by several fish, and I immediately asked the mate if he could tell me what it was and where it came from. He told me that, when dying, the cachalot always ejected the contents of his stomach, which were invariably composed of such masses as we saw before us; that he believed the stuff to be portions of big cuttle-fish, bitten off by the whale for the purpose of swallowing, * * *

I thanked him, and, sticking a boathook into the lump, drew it alongside. It was at once evident that it was a massive fragment of cuttle-fish—tentacle or arm—as thick as a stout man's body, and with six or seven sucking-discs or *acetabula*

on it. These were about as large as a saucer, and on their inner edge were thickly set with hooks or claws all around the rim, sharp as needles, and almost the shape and size of a tiger's.

"To what manner of awful monster this portion of limb belonged, I could only faintly imagine, but of course I remembered, as any sailor would, that from my earliest sea-going I had been told that the cuttle-fish was the biggest in the sea, although I never even began to think it might be true until now. * * * This was a mighty revelation to me. For the first time it was possible to understand that, contrary to the usual notion of a whale's being unable to swallow herring, here was a kind of a whale that could swallow—well, a block four or five feet square apparently—who lived upon creatures as large as himself, if one might judge of their bulk by the sample to hand; but being unable, from only possessing teeth in one jaw, to masticate his food, was compelled to tear it in sizable pieces, bolted whole, and leave his commissariat department to do the rest. * * * We were cruising between Car Nicobar and Junkseylon, when we 'met up' with a full-grown cachalot, as ugly a customer as one would wish. From 9 a. m. till dusk the battle raged—for I have often noticed that unless you kill your whale pretty soon, he gets so wary, as well as fierce, that you stand a

gaudy chance of being worn down yourselves before you settle accounts with your adversary. This affair certainly looked at one time as if such would be the case with us; but along about 5 p. m. to our great joy we got him killed. The ejected food was in masses of enormous size, larger than any we had yet seen on the voyage, some of them being estimated to be of the size of our hatch-house, viz., eight feet by six feet by six feet. * * * About 11 p. m. I was leaning over the lee rail gazing steadily at the bright surface of the sea, where the intense radiance of the tropical moon made a broad path like a pavement of burnished silver. Eyes that saw not, mind only confusedly conscious of my surroundings were mine; but suddenly I started to my feet with an exclamation, and stared with all my might at the strangest sight I ever saw. There was a violent commotion in the sea right where the moon's rays were concentrated; so great that, remembering my position, I was at first inclined to alarm all hands, for I had often heard of volcanic islands suddenly lifting their heads from the depths below, or disappearing in a moment, and, with Sumatra's chain of active volcanoes so near, I felt doubtful of what was now happening. Getting the night-glasses out of the cabin scuttle, where they were always hung, in readiness, I focussed them on the troubled spot, per-

fectly satisfied by a short examination that neither volcano nor earthquake had anything to do with what was going on; yet so vast were the forces engaged that I might well have been excused for my first supposition. A very large sperm whale was locked in a deadly conflict with a cuttle-fish or squid, almost as large as himself, whose interminable tentacles seemed to enlace the whole of his great body. The head of the whale especially seemed a perfect network of writhing arms—naturally, I suppose, for it appeared as if the whale had the tail part of the mollusk in his jaws, and in a business-like, methodical way, was sawing through it. By the side of the black columnar head of the whale appeared the head of the great squid, as awful an object as one could well imagine even in fevered dream. Judging it as carefully as possible, I estimated it to be at least as large as one of our pipes, which contained three hundred and fifty gallons; but it may have been and probably was a good deal larger. The eyes were very remarkable from their size and blackness, which, contrasted with the livid whiteness of the head, made their appearance all the more striking. They were at least a foot in diameter, and, seen under such conditions, looked decidedly eerie and hobgoblin-like. All around the combatants were numerous sharks, like jackals round a lion, ready to share

the feast, and apparently assisting in the destruction of the huge cephalopod. So the Titanic struggle went on, in perfect silence as far as we were concerned, because, even had there been any noise, our distance from the scene of conflict would not have permitted us to hear it.

* * * Well did Michelet term them 'the insatiable nightmares of the sea.'

"Yet, but for them, how would such great creatures as the sperm whale be fed? Unable, from their bulk, to capture small fish except by accident, and, by the absence of a sieve of baleen, precluded from subsisting upon the tiny crustacea which support the *mysticetæ*, the cachalots seem to be confined for their diet to cuttle-fish, and, from their point of view, the bigger the latter are the better. How big they may become in the depths of the sea no man knoweth; but it is unlikely that even the vast specimens seen are full sized, since they have only come to the surface under abnormal conditions, like the one I have attempted to describe, who had evidently been dragged up by his relentless foe.

"Creatures like these, who inhabit deep waters, and do not need to come to the surface by the exigencies of their existence, necessarily present many obstacles to accurate investigation of their structure and habits." "When the sperm whale is in health, nothing that inhabits the sea has any

chance with him ; neither does he scruple to carry the war into the enemy's country, since all is fish that comes into his net, and a *shark fifteen feet in length* has been found in the stomach of a cachalot." Sceptic, are you that long?

The following article appeared in the *Literary Digest* April 4, 1896:

"In the month of February, 1891, the whaler 'Star of the East' launched two whale boats with an equipment of men to pursue a superb whale that was observed at some distance. The huge creature was harpooned and wounded to the death. While it was writhing in its last agonies, one of the boats was struck by its tail and shattered to pieces. The sailors who were in the boat were thrown into the water ; all but two were saved shortly afterward by the other boats. The body of one was recovered, but the other, a man named James Bartley, could not be found. When the monster had ceased moving and its death was quite certain, it was hoisted alongside of the ship and the work of cutting it up began. A day and a night were devoted to this task. When it was ended the stomach of the whale was opened. What was the surprise of the whalemén to find in it their lost comrade, James Bartley, unconscious, but alive. They had much trouble in reviving him. For several days he was delirious, and could not speak an intelligent

word. Not till three weeks had elapsed did he recover his reason and was he able to narrate his impressions.

“ ‘I remember very well,’ said he, ‘the moment when the whale threw me into the air. Then I was swallowed and found myself enclosed in a firm slippery channel whose contractions forced me continually downward. This lasted only an instant, then I found myself in a very large sack, and by feeling about realized that I had been swallowed by a whale and that I was in its stomach. I could breathe with much difficulty. I had a feeling of insupportable heat, and it seemed as if I were being boiled alive. The horrible thought that I was doomed to perish in the whale’s belly tortured me, and my anguish was intensified by the calm and silence that reigned about me. Finally I lost the consciousness of my frightful situation.’ ”

“James Bartley,” the English papers add, “is known to be one of the most hardy of whalers. But his experience in the whale’s stomach was so terrible that he was obliged to undergo treatment in a London hospital on his return. Nevertheless his general health was not seriously affected by this accident. The only effect was that his skin was, as it were, tanned by the action of the gastric juice.”

The captain of the “Star of the East” adds,

that cases where furious whales have swallowed men are not rare, but that this was the first time that we ever saw the victim come out alive after his experience."

In view of the testimony of expert witnesses, I consider it a piece of rank and arrant hypocrisy on the part of any man to disclaim faith in the Bible because it tells of Jonah having been swallowed by a whale.

XI.

EPHESIANS.

A Chapter Study.

Key to Chapter I, Heavenly Places.

Key to Chapter II, Grace.

Key to Chapter III, Mystery of the Gospel.

Key to Chapter IV, Unity.

Key to Chapter V, The Christian Home.

Key to Chapter VI, Christian Warfare.

CHAPTER I.

Paul, the writer of the book of Ephesians, was in jail in Rome when he wrote many of his Epistles—a prisoner in bonds. It seemed necessary to impress the people of Ephesus of the fact of his call from God. In Galatia as well as in Ephesus, it seemed that some enemy of Paul had been working against him, probably stating that he had not been ordained by the church at Jerusalem. This fact brought out the statement, “Paul, an Apostle, not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father.” Gal. 1:1.

The literal meaning of the word Apostle is, sent forth. Any follower of Jesus Christ is to be a “sent forth” in the name of Jesus.

The first verse of this chapter mentions the saints at Ephesus, and the faithful in Christ Jesus.

The beauty of the Bible is that it applies to all men under similar circumstances in all ages of the world's history. An Egyptian mummy reached New York not many years ago, and when they unwrapped it they found Egyptian wheat in the wrappings. They planted it and found the wheat as virile as the day it was placed next to the mummy, estimated at 2,800 to 3,000 years ago. The word which the Apostle Paul sent to the church at Ephesus has never been embalmed for it has never died. It has the freshness and vigor of the mighty intellect and rare spirit of the Apostle Paul (who was bound in the Spirit when he wrote it) although nineteen centuries old. It has the charm of Divine inspiration in it.

The second verse is a brief salutation, mentioning Grace and Peace "from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ"; saving grace, and overcoming grace. Isa. 26:3. John 14:27. Gal. 5:22.

The third verse teaches the adoration of God, and the Divinity of Christ. Ps. 103.

IN CHRIST.

Vs. 3. We have spiritual blessings in Heavenly places.

- Vs. 4. We are chosen to be holy, without blame before Him in love.
- Vs. 5. We have adoption by Jesus Christ to Himself as children.
- Vs. 6. We praise the glory of His grace, for He hath made us accepted in the beloved.
- Vs. 7. We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sin; the riches of His grace.
- Vs. 8. We have wisdom and prudence abounding through us.
- Vs. 9. God has made known the mystery of His will, His good pleasure, His hidden purpose.
- Vs. 10. We have the consummation of all things both in heaven and on earth.
- Vs. 11. We have obtained an inheritance according to His will.
- Vs. 12. —Vs. 6.
- Vs. 13. We are sealed by the Holy Spirit.
- Vs. 14. We have the assurance of our inheritance.
- Vs. 21. We have wisdom, knowledge, hope,
- Vs. 22. riches, greatness of power through Christ the Head of the Church. We are His body. The word "Church" is translated from two Greek words, *Ek*, meaning out, and *Kaleo*, meaning to call. To call out from the world.

PAUL'S PRAYER.

Begun, Chapter 1, 17-19.

Resumed, Chapter 3, 16-19.

His prayer is, that unto the saints at Ephesus, and the faithful in Christ Jesus, may be given the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him; the eyes of their understanding being enlightened that they may know the hope of His calling, the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, the exceeding greatness of His power, the work of His mighty power as demonstrated in the resurrection of Christ, and the exaltation of Christ at His own right hand in the heavenly places.

CHAPTER II.

WE.

Vs. 1. Were dead in trespasses and in sins.

Vs. 2. Walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, as children of disobedience.

Vs. 3. Had our citizenship (conversation) with the children of disobedience, in the lusts of the flesh; the desires of the flesh and the mind, and were by nature the children of wrath.

- Vs. 11. Were Gentiles, called uncircumcision.
Vs. 12. Were without Christ, aliens and strangers from the covenant, having no hope, and without God.

GOD.

- Vs. 4. Who is rich in mercy loved us with great love.
Vs. 5. Saved us by grace in Christ.
Vs. 6. Raised us from the death of sin through Christ Jesus.
Vs. 7. Showed the exceeding riches of His grace.

IN CHRIST.

- Vs. 7. God's kindness toward us is revealed.
Vs. 8. Salvation by grace through faith—the gift of God is realized.
Vs. 9. There is no room to boast. (By grace ye are saved.)
Vs. 10. We are His workmanship, created unto good works in God-ordained paths.
Vs. 13. We are made nigh to God by His blood.
Vs. 14. We have our peace, Jesus hath made both (Jew and Gentile) one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition.
Vs. 15. The enmity even the law of commandments contained in ordinances is abolished, for Christ is the end of the law.

- Vs. 16. We are reconciled unto God by the Cross.
Vs. 17. We have peace preached unto us.
Vs. 18. We have access by one Spirit unto the Father.
Vs. 19. We are no more strangers and foreigners, but we are fellow-citizens of the household of God. John 15:15.
Vs. 20. We are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets; Christ the chief corner stone. John 14:6.
Vs. 21. All the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.
Vs. 22. We are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.
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CHAPTER III.

PAUL.

- Vs. 1. Apostle to the Gentiles, the prisoner of Christ.
Vs. 2. Received special dispensation of grace.
Vs. 3. Saw the revelation of the mystery of the Gospel. 2 Cor. 12:1-10.
Vs. 4. Received wisdom from God.
Vs. 5. Received the revelation from the Holy Ghost.
Vs. 6. Was sent to the Gentiles that they should

be fellow-heirs of the same body, partakers of the promises in Christ.

Vs. 7. Became the chief expounder of the mystery.

Vs. 8. Reveals his humility as a preacher of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

THE MYSTERY.

Vs. 5. Hidden in other ages, now revealed by the Spirit.

Vs. 6. Reveals God's will to the Gentiles.

Vs. 9. Solved by fellowship with God in Christ.

Vs. 10. Reveals the wisdom of God shown to the church.

Vs. 11. An eternal purpose.

IN CHRIST.

Vs. 6. The Gentiles become fellow-heirs.

Vs. 12. We have boldness and access with confidence.

Vs. 13. Tribulation works glory. Acts 20:17-33.
2 Cor. 11:23-33.

Vs. 15. The whole family in Heaven and Earth are named.

PAUL'S PRAYER.

Vs. 16. That they might be strengthened by might by His Spirit.

Vs. 17. That Christ should dwell in their hearts;

that they should be rooted and grounded in love.

Vs. 18. That they might be able to comprehend

Vs. 19. the breadth, length, depth, and height of the love of Christ, and be filled with all the fulness of God.

GOD.

Vs. 20. Is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

Vs. 21. Is worthy of the praise of the church throughout all ages.

CHAPTER IV.

WALK.

Vs. 1. Worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.

Vs. 2. With lowliness, meekness, long suffering, forbearance, and love.

Vs. 3. In the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace.

Vs. 4. In harmony with God's plan; showing

Vs. 6. the blessedness of unity.

Vs. 7. In grace.

Vs. 8. In the Spirit of Christ's eternal victory

Vs. 10. over Death and Hell, and rejoice that Christ ascended up far above the heavens that He might fill all things.

GIFTS.

Vs. 11. Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Pastors, and Teachers. Rom. 12 :6-8. 1 Cor. 12.

TO.

Vs. 12. Perfect saints for the ministry, and edify the body of Christ. Chap. 1 :23.

Vs. 13. Unify believers in faith, knowledge of Christ, perfection and fulness in Christ.

Vs. 14. Give victory against corrupt doctrines, the sleight of men, cunning craftiness and deceitfulness.

Vs. 15. Have the truth spoken. Growth in grace realized.

Vs. 16. Have perfect the body of Christ.

WALK NOT.

Vs. 17. As other Gentiles. (Who walk in the vanity of their mind.)

Vs. 18. With understanding darkened. As aliens from the life of God. In ignorance and blindness of heart.

Vs. 19. Past feeling (with a dead conscience) in lasciviousness, uncleanness, and greediness.

PUT OFF.

Vs. 22. The lustful, deceitful, corrupt "old man," —the former citizenship. Col. 3 :8.

- Vs. 25. Lying. (Business lies, social lies, white lies, black lies.)
Vs. 26. Anger and wrath.
Vs. 27. Fellowship with the Devil.
Vs. 28. Stealing.
Vs. 29. Corrupt communication.
Vs. 30. Grieving the Holy Spirit.
Vs. 31. Bitterness, wrath, anger, clamour, evil speaking, and all malice.

PUT ON.

- Vs. 21. Truth, as in Jesus.
Vs. 23. The renewed mind. Phil. 2:4.
Vs. 24. The new man, which is God-created in righteousness and true holiness.
Vs. 25. Truthfulness with neighbors.
Vs. 27. Enmity against the Devil.
Vs. 28. Labor and charity.
Vs. 29. Edifying communications. (Cottage prayer meetings, etc.)
Vs. 32. Kindness, tender-heartedness, forgiveness. Col. 3:12.

CHAPTER V.

BE.

- Vs. 1. Followers of God.
Vs. 2. Walking in love. 1 John 4:18.

- Vs. 3. Saints. (Not Latter Day Saints—Mormons.)
- Vs. 4. Truthful.
- Vs. 5. Pure, clean.
- Vs. 6. Obedient.
- Vs. 8. Children of light in the Lord.
- Vs. 9. Fruitful in goodness and righteousness and truth.
- Vs. 10. Acceptable in the Lord.
- Vs. 11. Separate from works of darkness; and be a reproof to sin. 2 Cor. 6:17-18.
- Vs. 12. Careful of your words.
- Vs. 13. Certain that sin will be exposed.
- Vs. 14. Awake thou that sleepest. No longer dead. Isa. 52:1.
- Vs. 15. Wise. Circumspect.
- Vs. 16. Redeeming the time.
- Vs. 17. Undertaking the will of God. 2 Tim. 2:15.
- Vs. 18. Filled with the Spirit. Gal. 5:22, 23.
- Vs. 19. Singing and making heart-melodies to the Lord.
- Vs. 20. Thankful for all things. Rom. 8:28.
- Vs. 21. Submissive, in the fear of the Lord.

BE NOT.

- Vs. 3. Unclean, or covetous, or a fornicator.
- Vs. 4. Filthy, foolish, given to jesting.
- Vs. 5. A whoremonger or an idolater.

- Vs. 6. Deceived. Gal. 6:7, 8.
Vs. 7. A partaker with the children of disobedience.
Vs. 8. In darkness.
Vs. 9. Indifferent to the Holy Spirit.
Vs. 10. Displeasing to God.
Vs. 11. In fellowship with the works of darkness.
Vs. 12. A repeater of their secret sins.
Vs. 14. Dead.
Vs. 15. Fools.
Vs. 16. Wasting time,—murdering opportunities.
Vs. 17. Unwise.
Vs. 18. Drunk with wine.

WIVES.

- Vs. 22. Be submissive to your husbands.
Vs. 23. Realize that the husband is the head of the home and should exercise his protecting care.
Vs. 24. Be subject to your husbands in everything.
Vs. 27. Be pure, holy, without spot or blemish, glorious in your beauty of character.
Vs. 33. Reverence your husbands.

HUSBANDS.

- Vs. 23. Honor your position as head of the home even as Christ does as Head of the church.

- Vs. 24. Follow Christ that the wife may easily be subject to your righteous laws.
- Vs. 25. Love your wife as Christ also loved the church, giving Himself for it. Spend and be spent to promote the happiness of the "Queen" of your household.
- Vs. 28. Love your wife as your own body. Be considerate.
- Vs. 29. Nourish and cherish her.
- Vs. 33. Particularly, specially, completely, love your wife.

CHRIST AND HIS BRIDE.

- Vs. 23. Christ the Head of the church. Savior of the church.
- Vs. 24. The church is subject unto Christ.
- Vs. 25. Christ loves the church; He gave Himself for it.
- Vs. 26. He wants a sanctified, clean church.
- Vs. 27. A glorious church without spot or wrinkle or blemish; holy.
- Vs. 29. Christ nourishes and cherishes the church. John 6:48-58.
- Vs. 30. Christ and the church are one. John 17:23. Matt. 23:31-46.
- Vs. 31. One in love, purity, and life.
- Vs. 32. A great mystery.

CHAPTER VI.

CHILDREN.

- Vs. 1. Obey your parents, for this is right.
Vs. 2. Honor your Father and Mother.
Vs. 3. It is conducive to happiness and long life.

FATHERS.

- Vs. 4. Provoke not your children to wrath.
Raise your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

SERVANTS.

- Vs. 5. Obey your masters with fear and trembling, with singleness of heart as unto Christ.
Vs. 6. Not with eye service as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God.
Vs. 7. Labor with good will. Be the best servant in the house, in the shop or on the plantation.
Vs. 8. Faithfulness in daily labor is rewarded by the Lord.

MASTERS.

- Vs. 9. Be gentle, kind, forbearing, and don't threaten. Follow Christ the Ideal Master. John 15:15.

BRETHREN.

- Vs. 10. Be strong in the power and might of the Lord.
- Vs. 11. Put on the whole armor of God. Battle against the wiles of the Devil.
- Vs. 12. Our warfare is not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickedness in high places.
- Vs. 13. Stand; loyally, courageously, against the enemy.
- Vs. 14. Gird your loins with truth, put on the breast-plate of righteousness. Face the enemy. There is no back-plate promised.
- Vs. 15. Be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.
- Vs. 16. Take the shield of faith to quench the fiery darts of the wicked.
- Vs. 17. Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit,—the Bible.
- Vs. 18. Be prayerful with supplication and perseverance in the Spirit.
- Vs. 19. Pray for God's Ministers that they may have bold utterance in making known the mystery of the gospel.
- Vs. 20. Fidelity has placed many a minister in bonds, prison, etc., yet all ought to speak boldly.
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Vs. 21. Tychicus recommended as a beloved brother and faithful minister.

Vs. 23, 24. Prayerful benediction.

XII.

EXCERPTS FROM SERMONS AND LECTURES.

STRENUOUS CHRISTIANITY.

“True worshippers—the Father seeketh such to worship Him.”—John 4:23.

With the speed of the business, social, artistic, educational and inventive world moving a mile a minute and the average church moving at the proverbial snail's pace, it is no wonder that we are not reaching as many in the race as we should. Progress is unknown without aggress. We are reading more or less about the strenuous life nowadays. In the physical man strenuousness requires muscle and makes it. To be strenuous morally one must have character that cannot be warped by opposition or compromise, or bought at any price. In the Christian sense of the word strenuousness depends upon the individual consecration to our Lord and His cause. God seeks true worshippers. It is evident that they will honor Him while a faithless follower brings reproach upon any cause. We are pilgrims and strangers here and we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. Paul speaks of being

an ambassador of Christ. It is the desire of the government at Washington to send true Americans to represent our nation at the foreign courts; they are to look out for the interests of America in whatever land they are sent. Many of them have had to do very hard things for the government. Ambassador Woodford, at Madrid, received word from Washington that he must present the ultimatum of this nation to the authorities. That ultimatum had the print of the American Eagle's foot upon it. It bore the seal of the government, and eighty millions of people said "Amen" when the papers said that the document had gone to Spain. The article, in substance, was:

"Señor Spain, Madrid.

"DEAR SIR:—Miss Cuba has been beaten, robbed and tormented by your hounds of war too long. Her cry for help has touched the hearts of my people. Call off your dogs, let the war cease; give liberty to this struggling island! If you do not comply with my orders, I will cut the Spanish flag from every pole in this end of the universe. Yours for certain. U. S."

That hurt the feelings of the people in old Madrid and caused Mr. Woodford to be despised and hated there; but he was there as America's ambassador. He could have bought a ticket to a bull-fight and made a vest of the

yellow flag and spent the day with the critics, cartoonists and every despicable class of enemies of our old flag. He did not choose to disgrace himself or his nation by being untrue to the advice from headquarters. Let the newspapers heap vituperation upon his head in Spain. Standing at Washington, not Madrid, was what he wanted. The ultimatum was given. He was immediately handed his passport. Señor Spain rolled up his sleeves and took after Uncle Sam, but the old gentleman knocked the Philippine islands out of him in the first round, Cuba in the second, and Porto Rico in the third. Fidelity is the stronghold of the home, the church, the nation. Not expediency but God's will. Not form but true worship. "God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

ENVIRONMENT.

Abraham Lincoln had in his makeup all the sturdiness of the hickory, elm and oak, his boyhood companions in the timber. There are lessons deep and grand to be learned from the environs of one's life. The strength, resistance and steadfastness of the forest, the sweetness, evenness and silence of the calm meadow, the rippling humor

of the brooklet, the dashing brilliancy of the mountain stream, the staunch granitic stability of the mountains, and the polished pedantic surfacing of the city.

Character is like beautiful scenery, scarce in some places. Begin some landscape gardening at home, your neighbors will like it. Character is home grown. What kind of seed are you sowing?

THOUGHTS.

Did you ever think? Some folks didn't, but are like the mockingbird, whose singing bespeaks wonderful mnemosyne proclivities greatly developed, but no composing ability or originality in evidence. Your head is more than a hat rack, at least, it ought to be.

Mind culture and physical culture are talked of a great deal. Brain exercise is needed. Start a school, not for the lengthening of the backbone, or the strengthening of muscle, but for brain building. Become a rugged thinker.

Don't overdo at first. Take it slow. Don't have too many new ideas in your head at once. Wait until you have entertainment to offer them. Do not ask an idea into your head and starve it. Feed your mind upon good blood made of fresh air, pure water, wholesome food, good rest, and

good morals, then you can offer some inducement for ideas to board at your house, and they pay well for their entertainment. If they are pure thoughts they will mark your face with the lines of purity, but if they are black and evil, the fiend of Sable Night will trace the lines of every crime in the category of crookedness upon your face, and you will be a living Epistle, known and read of all men.

STUDYING TOWNS.

Towns, like people, vary in individual characteristics, moral tone, intellectual calibre, social quality and spiritual life. The business men and the preachers, when agreed on the moral tone of the town, make a good one. I mentioned business men first, because they are first with the young men of most towns; that is, the young men get their bearings morally and religiously, from the standards raised by the business men instead of the clergy. This is true, because only five per cent of the young men of our country are members of the churches. It is a matter of fact that the ideal of the young manhood of our day is some successful business man—not the average preacher. Brethren, I am not speaking evil of dignitaries when I tell you that the clergymen of the United States are failing to reach the

young men. The trouble is, the average preacher knows so many theories and so little about men, that the style of sermonizing makes no appeal to men. Many are getting new departures to "draw the crowd." Folks will go where they can hear something spoken. Say things! Throw that lachrymose voice away and talk like a man, not like a "granny," with a trembling, tear-pulling pathos attempted. Get illustrations that illustrate and use them freely. The human family likes to hear something that some other member of it has done, tried to do or failed to do. The gospel is the most interesting theme that men can hear, and that faithfully preached rebukes every kind of illicit business or pleasure. I have worked with all kinds of preachers, from the godly man of great faith and great mind to the faithless and shallow-minded, and with the brevetted from the D.D., A.M., LL.D. to the aristocrat, and I speak from experience when I say they are the best class of men on earth; most self-sacrificing, charitable, compassionate and loyal of all men. But when you find a mean one, he is the dirtiest kind of a grafter out of jail.

Every preacher can be a philosopher. ("If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally."—James, i:5.) And by being one, he can enlarge the borders of Zion in whatever field he labors. The town in which

you live is good or bad just in proportion as you make it so.

Too many preachers fear excitement. Of Paul's work the word says: "There was no small stir about that way." Also that he turned the "world upside down." Anything but dull, insipid, stupid luke-warmth. Hot or cold is Christ's idea. Have something doing at your church, remembering Paul's words: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

RADIUM VERSUS VOLTAIRE.

What of the age of a so-called science that claimed the Bible to be unscientific because it advanced the truth that there was light before the sun was created? That age and its inglorious crowd of enemies of the Bible have passed into the obscure past; and the question is forever a settled one that radio-active substances are light givers and heat generators of a degree of independence of all other forces and elements that astonish the scientists of this enlightened age. I looked upon a tube containing two hundred dollars' worth of Radium some time ago, and as I looked it over I marveled at the strange iconoclast and herald of a new era of the science of the world. A constant light, a posi-

tive heat perpetually, and apparently an eternal combination of attributes of this greatest miracle of the world of physics and chemistry. Who knows but that the work of the creative days was a time when other planets borrowed light and heat from this world which was covered with an abundance of radio-active substances? I can easily imagine this globe a vast rough cast creation with its surface covered with Radium and as it shot through space it filled the subtle ether with its radiance and heat, and upon the surging tide of the ether from pole to pole the light and heat from this planet generated by the undying Radium filled universal space with the quivering sparkling glories of new-born Day, and at last when Helios, the Chief of the Solar System, coronated the sky with his effulgent glory, he drank from the vast mass of radio-active substances their power; and leaving, as such substances must have, the surface of the earth enriched, and prepared for vegetation, diffusing the power of metallic individuality to much of the minerals of the earth, and has been slowly taken into the air and is now only to be found as a remnant in the very bowels of the earth, and that only after strenuous efforts in the laboratory.

I believe that the heat and light generating radio-active substances now so interesting to the world of science have had much to do in prepar-

ing this world as a fit habitation for animate life. We need have no fears about the earth becoming an unfit place of abode on account of frigid temperature—for God has placed a heating plant within the earth's center, and it is doubtless fed by Radium and other kindred forms of heat. Radium is as old as creation, and doubtless was, in the chaotic condition of the earth, an incubus in assisting the lower forms of life to multiply—among the varieties using heat as a means of propagation.

Light was in force before the sun. An abundance of Radium would generate sufficient heat to actuate geological changes, and could impregnate the minerals in which it is at present found during the geological changes. There is a world of speculation possible along this line, and no one can understand the mystery of Radium.

"I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HOLD OUT."

What kind of stuff are you made of? Are you a man, a tadpole or a jellyfish? A sure-enough man never says: "I can't hold out." Where would we get our heroes if men said just before the battle: "Boys, I'm afraid I can't hold out"? Folks "hold out" in whatever they want to make go. Did you ever hear of a man who was offered two hundred dollars a month to sell goods say:

"Your wages suit me, and you are fine people to work for, but I am afraid I can't hold out"? Do you see that young man going to that house with that beautiful young woman? After all is still—save a sound as if a cow were pulling her foot out of stiff mud—he says: "My precious darling, I love you! Will you be my wife?" The young woman is a dream of loveliness, and she is radiantly beautiful, and she looks back into the handsome face of her devoted lover and replies: "Sweetheart, I'm afraid I can't hold out." (Laughter and applause.) Nonsense! She does nothing of the kind—she just places her queenly head upon his kingly shoulder, and as she places her pretty little hand out he quietly slips a sparkling gem upon her engagement finger, and she whispers: "My sweetheart, yes, I will be forever thine." And they are in the suburbs of Heaven—I know what I am talking about, I was there when it happened. (Laughter, and "Amens.")

A father walked with his little son down one of the ice-covered streets of Chicago several years ago, and that boy—with his new overcoat, and gloves and cap, was as proud as a Georgia major. His father said: "Son, I think I'd better take your hand." "No, no, papa, I can walk all right," the little boy replied. Soon after his feet slipped out from under him and he fell flat on the pave-

ment, but his father walked on, and soon the boy reached his side but he walked closer than before, and not quite so proudly; they had gone only a few yards when his feet went from under him, and he was down harder than before. His father walked ahead and seemed not to notice his sad predicament, and the little boy came up with his lip trembling, and said: "Papa, I think I'd better take your hand." "Very well, Willie," answered his father. So he gave the child his hand, but the little fellow could only reach around one finger, and when his feet went out from under him a little later, he could not hold himself, so down he went; and he arose disconsolate and broken in spirit. He realized his weakness and he sobbed his words: "Papa, please take my hand." "Yes, yes, my son, I will take your hand." And he took that tiny hand and buried it in the big warm father-hand, and when those little feet slipped out from under the little boy again, he did not fall—because his father held him up. Hear me! God says to the faltering timid soul to-night:

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

If you try to hold out in your own strength you will fail. Place your hand in the hand of

your Heavenly Father, and He will keep you when your feet slip. ("Amens.")

A MIGHTY BIG FAMILY.

I was trying to lead an unsaved person to Christ in a Western city, and she said: "If God is all powerful, why doesn't He kill the devil?" I said: "Because that would leave too many orphans—the devil has a mighty big family."

CHARACTER.

Some wag has said: "Every man has his price." I'll guarantee that that fraud can be bought mighty cheap. There are men who are on the market, politically, commercially, socially, privately, and in every other way; but let me tell you this: The men who are bringing big prices here will not bring fifteen cents a dozen in hell. I am reaching for *you* politicians. (Applause.)

It is said of General Lee, that at the beginning of the war he said to General Scott: "Scott, I am a Union man at heart, and the thought of the dissolution of the Union fills me with sorrow and regret—but my dear old mother state—Virginia—has seceded, and I believe that it is my duty to cast my lot with my state." So saying,

he went to the Southland and followed that cause which is known as the Lost Cause, and he saw the Utopias of his fondest dreams blotted from his sky of fancy, and the "Stars and Bars" became part of the Stars and Stripes; he had given his health and property into that conflict, and when he was broken in spirit, and broken in finances, in the very face of poverty, in that fearful hour of trial and need representatives of the Louisiana State Lottery Company came to him and offered him the presidency of the institution. He replied: "Gentlemen, I do not understand the business." They said: "General Lee, you do not need to understand the business; all we want is your name and reputation, and the salary will be ten thousand dollars per year." General Robert E. Lee straightened himself up to the full dignity of his superb manhood, and drew the old faded gray coat across his breast, and with the evidences of the insult burning upon his cheeks, while fire flashed from his eyes, he replied: "Gentlemen, my name and reputation are all that I have left, and **THEY ARE NOT FOR SALE!**" (Tremendous applause.) And he bowed himself from that gathering—an honor to American manhood, and Christian character, and he went to Virginia and for one thousand dollars a year he taught the youth of the South the nobility and dignity of Christian manhood,

WHISKEY AND LIQUORS.

If you want your brain palsied and your character burned out, and your soul damned, try any of the brands of liquors advertised in this country.

If you haven't any brains, and want your feet tangled, whiskey will do it.

No one but a fool will drink it; no one but a fiend will make it; no one but a rascal will vote for it, and no one but a characterless reprobate will sell it. Do you understand that?

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

It is too bad that the old stingy rascals who constantly repudiate foreign missions can't be dumped into "Darkest Africa" or Inland China without any blessing of civilization at hand—until they become converts to the needs of foreign missionary work.

I heard Captain R. P. Hobson (the hero of Santiago) say recently: "Put this down; the man who talks against foreign missions does not know what he is talking about. I have seen the work in China, and I tell you that the martyrdom of one hundred missionaries and twenty thousand Chinese converts during the Boxer uprising, is the seed of the church in China, and that kind of loyalty will ultimately win China's four hundred millions to the Master."

